Week ending March 28 1959

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The Cover

HERE comes the bride . . . to a full stop. And unless she can spare her brand new husband to help with the spare wheel they'll have the wedding march all over again—to the nearest garage. What Hants's Easter-weds will never know is who's to blame for the hold-up: is it just a honeymoon hazard or the work of the jokers who gave them their flying start? Says Hants, "the bride hasn't forgotten to change. Before catching the train they've to call on Grandma. She wants to see the gown"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Keep A Call-up

MANY people are saying that the end of conscription will benefit the young men who won't be called up for time-wasting service in uniform.

They may be right that National Service makes boys lazy and unable to take decisions. But two years' communal living with youngsters of all classes and types has made our young men much more aware of the world around them.

It has helped to kill snobbery and has widened the interests of many who would have grown-up bored and frustrated.

Physically, too, it has been of great benefit. I never played football till I went into the Army.

Now we should try to find a way to keep the advantages of National Service for future generations—without the military touch.

Holiday work-camps or voluntary road-building parties might be the answer—something that will make the mother's boy into a man.—F. FFOULKES, Newcastle.

Married Retreat

Disillusioned males can seek peace from the world in a monastery; women can gain quiet contentment away from earthly cares in a convent. But if married couples wish to renounce the world—is there any place they can go?—MEL WEST, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28.

A group of Catholic families lives together in the Taena Community in Gloucestershire, closely connected with the Benedictine Prinknash Abbey. There about half a dozen couples and families live in flats in one large house, supporting themselves by farming and crafts on a co-operative basis. Children and adults have communal meals at midday.

Justice Abroad

Most readers will agree with C. H. Rolph that it is high time something was done for the victims of crime (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, February 28).

In some parts of Switzerland citizens are insured against injuries received while assisting in the apprehension of criminals.

In Denmark it is the attacker who is made to compensate the victim, while in France compensation is paid immediately from public funds and later recovered from the criminal.—MRS. M. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend, Essex.

Pay-It-Yourself

Isn't it a little unfair that "do-it-yourself" home decorators may not, for income tax purposes, charge themselves for their own labour?

This is especially so if they happen to own their own houses when the same income tax authorities will, under Schedule A, charge them for the rent they are paying to themselves.—ERIC CHARD, Avenham Lane, Preston, Lancs.

Time To Give Up!

In industry, when a man reaches the age of sixty-five he is expected to retire. Few firms are willing to employ people as old as this in any position of responsibility even when they are allowed to stay on.

At home, a man of this age is relegated to the chimney-corner and younger people take little notice of his out-of-date advice.

In his car, if he still feels capable of driving, he is a nuisance to other traffic, his eyes being no longer what they were, his judgment poor and his reflexes slow.

Why then do we allow such

elderly men to govern the country?

Could this be the explanation of some of the peculiar examples of "diplomacy" we are confounded with from day to day?—D. H. S., West Knighton, Leicester.

The ages of the world's leaders are Macmillan 65, Eisenhower 69, Kruschev 65, De Gaulle 69, Adenauer 83.

Useless Facts

I agree with Gilbert Harding that it is more important to know where to find facts than to try to remember them all (JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED, February 21).

As one who gained a State scholarship ten years ago I well remember the hours of sheer slogging spent memorizing facts, especially in history and Latin.

I consider that this stifles original ideas—for years afterwards I hesitated to give any opinion without first referring to books to find out what other people thought.

Six years as a housewife and mother have taught me confidence in my own ideas—but I still think that all those facts were wasted on me.—MRS. J. FLOWER, Heath Road, Downend, Bristol.

No Denial

Why is an unmarried mother denied a maternity grant under the National Insurance scheme?

It should be remembered that the fathers of a large number of these children are maintaining them, either voluntarily or through a court order and are also contributing out of their earnings to National Insurance.

If such treatment is intended to discourage such births it is unreasonable and is likely to inflict hardship on the innocent child.

A reform in this direction is long overdue.—WILLIAM CORCORAN, Falkner Street, Liverpool, 8.

Contrary to popular belief, an unmarried mother—provided she has been paying her National Insurance contributions—does get the £12 10s. maternity benefit.

The Boat Race

What is the strange fascination that the Boat Race holds over people? What makes men and boys all over Britain support Oxford or Cambridge and stand loyally by their chosen crew year after year?

An old man I know has never forsaken Oxford, although he has never been within a hundred miles of the town and has never had the slightest connection with the university. But on Boat Race day he's an Oxford man—unshakably.

Nobody is neutral when it comes to the Boat Race. I wonder why.—A. A. JONES, Morriston, Swansea.

Feign For A Rest

What is the origin of the word "feighnights" (fay nites) used by children in the south of England when playing tag?

To have a breather, one either climbed on to a wall or stood on one leg, crossed the fingers of both hands and cried "feighnights."—SGT. M. O'BRIEN, R.E.M.E., B.F.P.O. 34, Germany.

Alternatively spelled "fains I," this is derived from the Middle English "feign"—to shirk or excuse oneself.

A Model Crime

The idea of having a safe in the window ("Free Speech," February 28) was, to the best of my recollection, tried out many years ago in an Oxford Street shop window.

The safe was in full view, but the

burglars erected a dummy in front of it and broke into the safe without being noticed by police or passers-by.—FRANK SNELLING, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Are We Batty ?

Are we more "batty" than of yore, or just more inhibited? When I was a child it was drummed into me that talking to oneself foretold the worst and was, in fact, the first step to the lunatic asylum.

Now I am always seeing people of all ages, but mostly in their forties, well groomed and of both sexes, doing that dreadful thing in streets, teashops and buses.

Is it a sign of the times, or is it just that I did not notice them when I was younger?—MISS PEGGY WOOD, Montrell Road, London, S.W.2.

"Except in people who are actually mentally deranged, talking to one's self signifies very little," says a doctor. "It's generally a sign of anxiety—but it's not noticeably on the increase."

Post By Privilege ?

I understand that it is Post Office practice when mail is heavy to deal first with anything bearing a threepenny stamp or over. Others are put aside for later delivery.

This could be very disappointing in the case of greetings cards. I think that anything stamped properly should be treated equally.—W. TALLON, Ryburn Road, Ormskirk, Lancs.

"It's true that if there is any extra rush, second-class mail, that is anything with less than a threepenny stamp, is dealt with last," says the G.P.O.

"We stress that this does not necessarily mean that second-class mail is always delayed. However, one pays less with that possibility in mind."

He had to make the most of his world—even when

THE FROM

by JOHN WYNDHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

On a day in the late December of 1958, Mr. Reginald Aster called upon the legal firm of Cropthorne, Daggit, and Howe, of Bedford Row, at their invitation. He was received by a Mr. Fratton, an amiable young man, barely out of his twenties, who was now head of the firm, in succession to the defunct Messrs. C., D. & H.

When Mr. Fratton informed Mr. Aster that under the terms of the late Sir Andrew Vincell's will he was a beneficiary to the extent of six thousand Ordinary Shares in British Vinvinyl, Ltd., Mr. Aster appeared, as Mr. Fratton expressed it to a colleague later, to miss for a while on several plugs.

The relevant clause added that the bequest was made "in recognition of a most valuable service which he once rendered me." The nature of this service was not specified, nor was it any of Mr. Fratton's business to inquire into it, but the veil over his curiosity was scarcely opaque.

The windfall, standing just then at 83s. 6d. per share, came at a fortunate moment in Mr. Aster's affairs. Realization of a small part of the shares enabled him to settle several pressing problems, and in the course of this, the two men met several times.

At length there came a time when Mr. Fratton, urged on by curiosity, stepped slightly closer to the edge of professional discretion than he usually permitted himself, and remarked in a tentative fashion: "You did not know Sir Andrew very well, did you?"

It was the kind of advance that Mr. Aster could easily have discouraged had he wished to. But in fact he made no attempt to parry.

"I met Sir Andrew once," he said. "For perhaps an hour and a half."

"That is rather what I thought," said Mr. Fratton, allowing his perplexity to become a little more evident. "Sometime last June, wasn't it?"

"The twenty-fifth of June," Mr. Aster agreed.

"But never before that?"

"No—nor since."

Mr. Fratton shook his head uncomprehendingly.

After a pause, Mr. Aster said: "You know, there's something pretty rum about this."

Mr. Fratton nodded, but made no comment.

Aster went on: "I'd rather like to —well, look here, are you free for dinner tomorrow?"

Mr. Fratton was, and when the dinner was finished they retired to a quiet corner of the club lounge for coffee.

After a few moments of consideration, Aster said: "I must admit I'd feel happier if this Vincell business was a bit clearer. I don't see—well, there's something altogether off-beat about it. I might as well tell you the whole thing. Here's what happened. . . ."

June the twenty-fifth was a pleasant evening in an unpleasant summer. I was strolling home enjoying it, in no hurry at all, and just wondering whether I would turn in for a drink somewhere when I saw this old man. He was standing on the pavement in Thanet Street, holding on to the railings with one hand, and looking about him in a dazed glassy-eyed way.

Well, in our part of London, as you know, there are plenty of strangers from all over the world, particularly in the summer, and quite a few of them look a bit lost. But this old man—well on in his seventies, I judged—was not that sort. He was certainly no tourist. In fact, "elegant" was the word that occurred to me when I saw him. He had a grey, pointed beard, carefully trimmed; a dark suit of excellent cloth and cut; his shoes were expensive; and so was his discreetly beautiful silk tie.

He did not appear to me to be ordinarily fuddled—more, indeed, as if he were frightened. . . . So I paused.

"Are you unwell?" I said. "Would you like me to call a taxi?"

He turned to look at me. His eyes were bewildered, but it was an intelligent face, slightly ascetic, and made to look the thinner by bushy white eyebrows.

He seemed to bring me into focus only slowly; his response came more slowly still, and with an effort.

"No," he said, uncertainly. "No, thank you. I—I am not unwell."

It did not appear to be the full truth, but neither was it a definite dismissal and, having made the approach, I did not care to leave him like that.

"You have had a shock," I said.

His eyes were on the traffic in the street. He nodded, but said nothing.

"There is a hospital just a couple of streets away . . ." I began. But he shook his head.

"No," he said again. "I shall be all right in a minute or two."

He still did not tell me to go away, and I had a feeling that he did not want me to. His eyes turned this way and that, and then down at himself. At that, he became quite still and tense, staring down at his clothes with an astonishment that could not be anything but real. He let go of the railings, lifted his arm to look at his sleeve. Then he noticed his hand—a shapely, well-kept hand, but thin with age, knuckles withered, blue veins prominent.

The extended hand began to shake distressingly. He tried to speak, but nothing came. I began to fear that he might be in for a heart attack.

"The hospital . . ." I began again, but once more he shook his head.

I did not know quite what to do, but I thought he ought to sit down; and brandy often helps too. He said neither yes nor no to my suggestion, but came with me across the street and into the Wilburn Hotel. I steered him to a table in the bar there, and sent for double brandies for both of us.

When I turned back from the waiter, the old man was staring across the room with an expression of horror. I looked over there quickly. It was himself he was staring at, in a mirror.

He watched himself intently as he took off his hat. Then he put up his hand, still trembling, to touch first his beard, and then his handsome silver hair. After that, he sat quite still, staring.

I was relieved when the drinks came. So, evidently, was he. He took just a little soda with his, and then drank the lot. Presently his hand grew steadier, a little colour came into his cheeks, but he continued to stare ahead. Then with a sudden air of resolution he got up.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, politely.

He crossed the room. For fully two minutes he stood studying himself at short range in the glass. Then he turned and came back. Though not assured, he had an air of more decision, and he signed to the waiter, pointing to our glasses.

Looking at me curiously, he said as he sat down again: "I owe you an apology. You have been extremely kind."

"Not at all," I assured him. "I'm glad to be of any help. Obviously you must have had a nasty shock of some sort."

"Er—several shocks," he admitted, and added: "It is curious how real the figments of a dream can seem when one is taken unaware by them."

There did not seem to be any useful response to that, so I attempted none.

"Quite unnerving at first," he added, with a kind of forced brightness.

"But what happened?" I asked.

"My own fault, entirely my own fault —but I was in a hurry," he explained. "I started to cross the road behind a tram, then I saw another coming in the opposite direction, almost on top of me. I suppose it must have hit me."

"Oh," I said, "er—oh, indeed. Er —where did this happen?"

"Just outside here, in Thanet Street," he told me.

"You—you don't seem to be hurt."

"Not exactly," he agreed, doubtfully. "No, I don't seem to be hurt."

He did not, nor even ruffled. His clothing was, as I have said, immaculate—besides, they tore up the tram rails in Thanet Street about twenty-five years ago. I wondered if I should tell him that, and decided to postpone it. The waiter brought our glasses. The old man felt in his waistcoat pocket, and then looked down in consternation.

"My sovereign-case! My watch!" he said, alarm in his voice.

I dealt with the waiter by handing him a one-pound note. The old man watched intently.

"If you will excuse me," I said, when the waiter had gone, "I think this shock must have caused you a lapse of memory. You do—er—you do remember who you are?"

With his finger still in his waistcoat pocket, and a trace of suspicion in his eyes, he looked at me hard.

"Remember who I am? Of course I do. I am Andrew Vincell. I live quite close here, in Hart Street."

I hesitated, then I said. "There *was* a Hart Street near here. But they changed the name—in the thirties, I think; before the war, anyway."

The superficial confidence which he had summoned up deserted him, and he sat quite still for some moments. Then he felt in the inside pocket of his jacket, and pulled out a wallet. It was made of fine leather, had gold corners, and was stamped with the initials A.V. He eyed it curiously as he laid it on the table. Then he opened it. From the left side he pulled a one-pound note, and frowned at it in a puzzled way; then a five-pound note, which seemed to puzzle him still more.

Without comment, he felt in the pocket again, and brought out a slender book clearly intended to pair with the wallet. It, too, bore the initials A.V. in the lower right-hand corner, and in the upper it was stamped simply: *Diary—1958*.

He held it in his hand, looking at it for quite some time.

"Nineteen fifty-eight?" he said, unsteadily.

"Yes," I told him.

There was a long pause, then: "I don't understand," he said, almost like a child. "My life! What has happened to my life?"

His face had a pathetic, crumpled look. I pushed the glass towards him, and he drank a little of the brandy. Opening the diary, he looked at the calendar inside.

"Oh, God!" he said. "This is too real. What—what has happened to me?"

I said, sympathetically: "A partial loss of memory isn't unusual after a shock, you know—in a little time it comes back quite all right as a rule. I suggest you look in there." I pointed to the wallet. "Very likely there will be something to remind you."

He hesitated, but then felt in the right-hand side of it. The first thing he pulled out was a colour-print of a snapshot; obviously a family group. The central figure was himself, five or six years younger, in a tweed suit; another man, of about forty-five, bore a family resemblance, and there were two slightly younger women, and two girls and two boys in their early teens. In the background, part of an eighteenth-century house was visible.

"I don't think you need to worry about your life," I said. "It would appear to have been very satisfactory."

There followed three engraved cards, separated by tissues, which announced simply: "Sir Andrew Vincell," but gave no address. There was also an envelope addressed to Sir Andrew Vincell, K.B.E., British Vinvinyl Plastics, Ltd., somewhere in London, E.C.1.

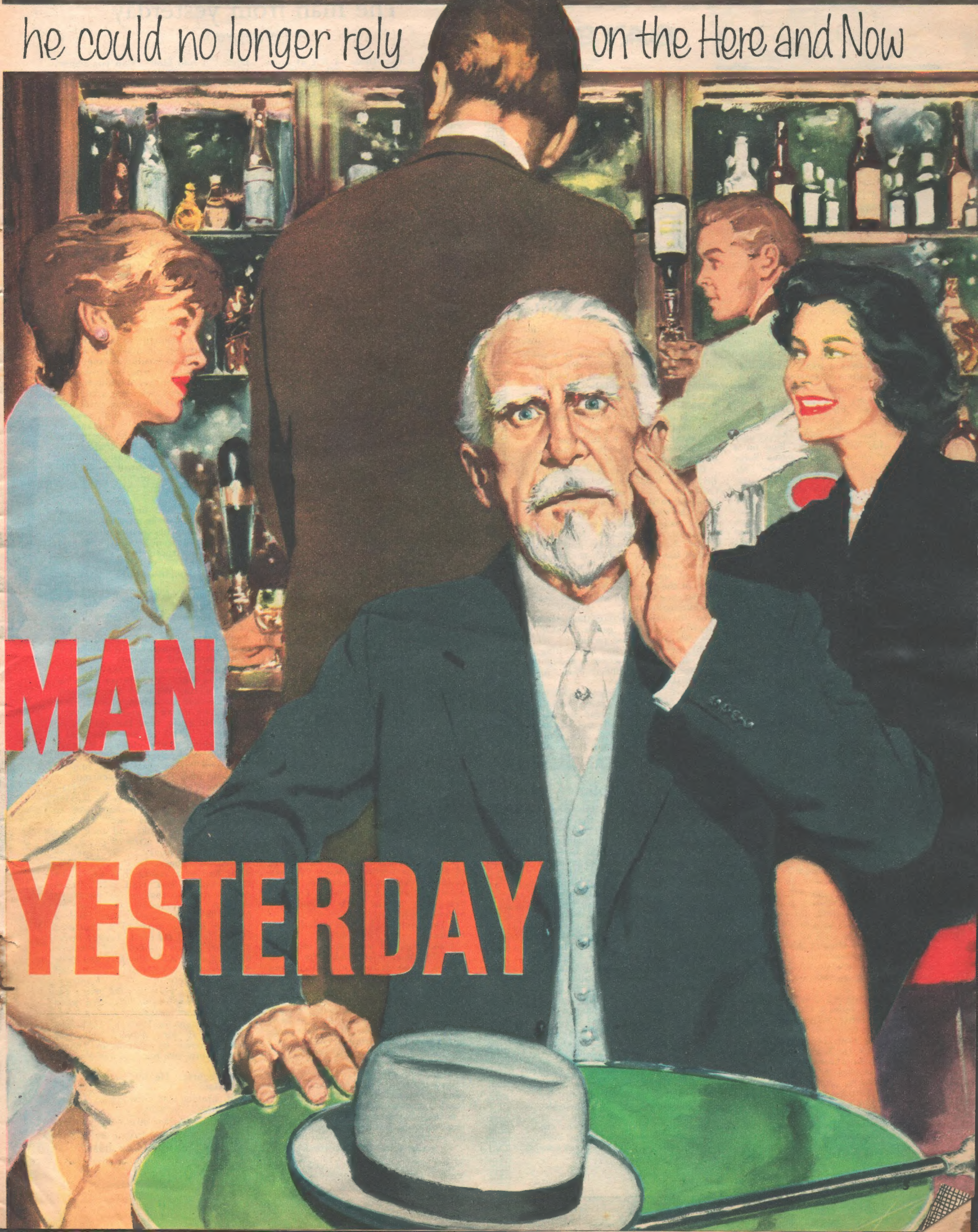
He shook his head, took another sip of the brandy, looked at the envelope again, and gave an unamused laugh. Then with a visible effort he took a grip on himself, and said, decisively: "This is some silly kind of dream. How does one wake up?"

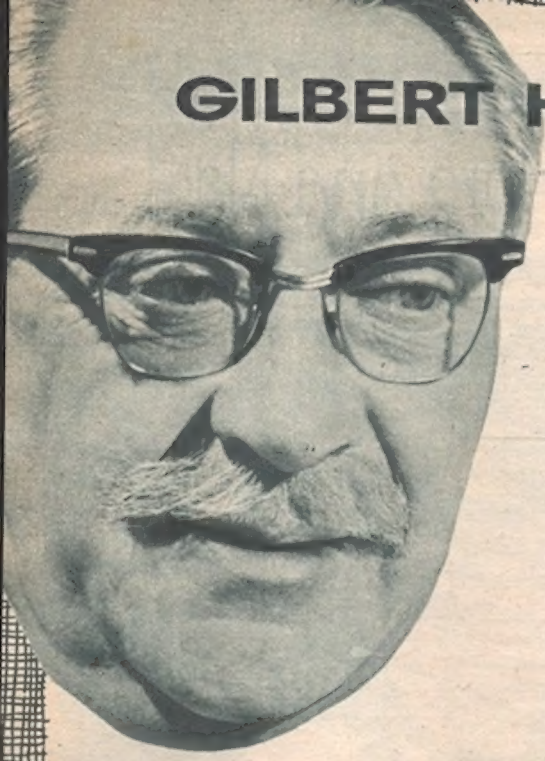
He closed his eyes, and declared in a firm tone: "I am Andrew Vincell. I

Sir Andrew regarded himself in the mirror, touching his beard with a trembling hand. Clearly he could not believe his eyes

he could no longer rely on the Here and Now

MAN YESTERDAY





GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

Have a happy Easter

—if the cranks will let you

IF you go out in the car, or even take a bus, in search of sunshine on Easter Sunday, or any Sunday, you may well be breaking the law. You are travelling outside your own parish.

The laws governing what may and what may not be done on a Sunday are a tangled mess. Some of the ancient restrictions are ignored by police and public, but many are still enforced.

Theatres are closed to everyone except club members. So are dance halls. Pubs and cinemas have shorter hours. Athletes may run for the joy of it, but they must not be paid. Boxers may box, but only if they *are* paid.

You may buy a copy of this magazine on a Sunday, but if you want a bound book you must go to a railway station or air terminal to buy one legally. The law, among a hundred stupidities, forbids you to buy soup in a packet on Sundays, but you may buy it tinned.

Strict and savage

The law may be an ass, but are not we bigger asses to tolerate such Alice in Wonderland idiocy?

It is high time we made up our minds what sort of a Sunday we do want.

At present, the Lord's Day Observance Society, a very small tail, is wagging an increasingly dissatisfied dog. To attempt to reform the law, or to brighten Sunday in any way, is to encounter their savage opposition.

Only very recently did it cease to be technically proper to place people in the stocks for breaking the Sabbath. I feel that Harold Legerton, their secretary, regrets it.

These strict enforcers of the Sabbath have not succeeded in making the British Sunday a conspicuously religious day. In fact, how little of the true Christian spirit these strict Sunday observers show!

There is a story I like about a young honeymoon couple who set out from an hotel in Scotland, hand in hand, for a walk on a Sunday morning.

"Is the Kirk no' good enough for ye on the Lord's Day?" a disapproving hotel porter called after them.

"Well," said the young man mildly, "our Lord, you know, went for a walk on the Sabbath."

"So I've heard tell," said the porter, dourly, "but we think no more of Him for that in Auchtermuchty."

The less I say about Sunday in Scotland the better. Do they still, I wonder, padlock the children's swings in the parks? Even in England, however, Sunday is a relatively dull and characterless day, rounding off the weekend instead of being what it should be, the first day of the Christian week.

For men and women who are Christians, Sunday should initiate and inspire the coming week's work. For those who are not religious, the day should be a holiday, a relaxed kind of holy-day.

But, of course, it is nothing of the sort. What the Archbishop of Canterbury has called "archaic" laws see to it that many blameless activities are forbidden. So, for too many people, Sunday is a day of negatives, of emptiness.

The English Sunday was not always like this. Before the seventeenth century, when Puritanism imposed upon Sunday the restrictions of the Old Testament Sabbath, Sunday was a day of festival as well as churchgoing.

In Shakespeare's day there were "dancing, piping, games, wakes, ales, bearbaiting and picnics." We could do without the bearbaiting, but, oh, as I have so often thought in some dead provincial town, for some wakes and ales!

I have always enjoyed Easter Sunday because it more closely resembles the old, true English Sunday we once had and should have again. It is a day when many people go to church, even if they do not go regularly, and they also manage to enjoy themselves as well.

Unshaven bliss

"This man wants a Continental Sunday," I can hear the dreary declare, and into that word "Continental" goes all their contempt for garlic and horrible foreign ways.

I do not wish to impose any kind of Sunday upon anyone. If it is your idea of bliss to wander around the house in slippered and unshaven ease, get on with it.

I believe that you could do better to prepare yourself for heaven and for Monday, but that is merely my opinion. Live and let live. That is all I am asking.

And I am not asking Harold Legerton and the Lord's Day Observance Society to tell me what I may do, or may not do, on the day when I sometimes have a few hours of blessed leisure.

But what, when all is said and done, is so very wrong about the so-called "Continental" Sunday?

In Britain, only three people in every twenty ever see the inside of a church or chapel. On the Continent they do go to church, in very large numbers, and without Mr. Legerton to drive them there.

When they have been to church, they enjoy themselves. Is that such a terrible sin? THE END

The man from yesterday

continued from page 4

am aged twenty-three. I live at number forty-eight Hart Street. I am articled to Penberthy and Trull, chartered accountants, of Bloomsbury Square. This is July the twelfth, nineteen hundred and six. This morning I was struck by a tram in Thanet Street. I must have been knocked silly, and have been suffering from hallucinations. Now!"

He reopened his eyes, and looked genuinely surprised to find me still there. Then he glared at the envelope.

"*Sir* Andrew Vincell!" he exclaimed scornfully, "and Vinvinyl Plastics, Limited! What the devil is that supposed to mean?"

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that we must assume that you are a member of the firm—I would say, from appearances, one of its directors?"

"But I told you. . . ." He broke off. "What *is* plastics?" he went on. "It doesn't suggest anything but modelling clay to me."

I hesitated. It looked as if the shock whatever it was had had the effect of cutting some fifty years out of his memory. Perhaps, I thought, if we were to talk of a matter which was obviously familiar and important to him it might stir his recollection. I tapped the table top.

"Well, this, for instance, is a plastic," I told him.

He examined it.

"I'd not call that plastic. It is very hard," he observed.

I tried to explain: "It was plastic before it hardened. There are lots of different kinds of plastics. This ash-tray, the covering on your chair, this pen, my cheque-book cover, that woman's raincoat, her handbag, dozens of things all round you—even my shirt is a woven plastic."

He did not reply immediately, but sat looking from one to another of these things with growing attention. At last he turned back to me again. This time his eyes gazed into mine with great intensity.

His voice shook slightly as he said once more: "This really *is* nineteen hundred and fifty-eight?"

"Certainly it is," I assured him. "If you don't believe your own diary, there's a calendar behind the bar."

"No horses," he murmured to himself, "and the trees in the Square grown so tall . . . a dream is never consistent, not to that extent." He paused, then, suddenly: "My God!" he exclaimed, "my God, if it really *is*. . . ."

SIR ANDREW turned to me again, an eager gleam in his eyes. "Tell me about these plastics," he demanded.

I am no chemist, and I know no more about them than the next man. However, he was obviously keen, and, as I have said, I thought that a familiar subject might help to revive his memory. I pointed to the ashtray.

"Well, this is very likely Bakelite, I think. If so, it is one of the earliest of the thermosetting plastics. A man called Baekeland patented it, about nineteen hundred and nine, I fancy. Something to do with phenol and formaldehyde."

"Thermosetting? What's that?" he inquired.

I did my best with that, and then went on to explain what little I had picked up about molecular chains and arrangements, polymerization and so on, and some of the characteristics and uses. The old man listened with concentrated attention, occasionally repeating a word now and then as if to fix it in his mind. This was quite flattering, but I could not delude myself that I was doing anything to revive his memory.

We must—at least, I must—have talked for nearly an hour, and all the time he sat earnest and tense, with his hands clenched tightly together. Then I noticed that the effect of the brandy had worn off, and he was again looking far from well.

"I really think I had better see you home," I told him. "Can you remember where you live?"

"Forty-eight, Hart Street," he said.

"No. I mean where you live now," I insisted.

But he was not really listening. His face still had the expression of great concentration.

"If only I can remember—if only I can remember when I wake up," he murmured desperately, to himself rather than to me. Then he turned to look at me again. "What is your name and address?" he asked.

I told him.

"I'll remember that, too, if I can," he assured me, very seriously.

I leaned over and lifted the cover of the diary. His name was on the fly-leaf, with an address in Upper Grosvenor Street. He sat gazing with complete detachment while the porter got us a taxi.

An elderly woman, a housekeeper, I imagine, opened the door of an impressive flat. I suggested that she should ring up Sir Andrew's doctor, and stayed long enough to explain the situation to him when he arrived.

The following evening I rang up to inquire how he was. A younger woman's voice answered. She told me that he had slept well after a sedative, woken somewhat tired, but quite himself, with no sign of any lapse of memory. The doctor saw no cause for alarm. She thanked me for taking care of him, and that was that.

In fact, I had practically forgotten the whole incident until I saw the announcement of his death in the paper, in December. . . .

MR. ASTER had finished his story. For some moments, Mr. Fratton made no comment, then he drew at his cigar, sipped some coffee, and said, not very constructively:

"It's odd."

"So I thought—think," said Mr. Aster.

"I mean," went on Mr. Fratton. "I mean, you certainly did him a kindly service, but scarcely, if you will forgive me, a service that one would expect to find valued at six thousand one-pound shares standing at eighty-three and sixpence."

"Quite," agreed Mr. Aster.

"Odder still," Mr. Fratton went on, "this meeting occurred last summer. But the will containing the bequest was drawn up and signed seven years ago." He again drew thoughtfully on his cigar. "And I cannot see that I am breaking any confidence if I tell you that it superseded an earlier will drawn up twelve years before, and in that will also, the clause occurred."

"I have given it up," said Mr. Aster, "but if you are collecting oddities, you might perhaps like to make a note of this one." He produced a pocket book, and took from it a cutting. The strip of paper was headed: "Obituary. Sir Andrew Vincell—A Pioneer in Plastics." Mr. Aster located a passage half-way down the column, and read out: *It is curious to note that in his youth Sir Andrew foreshadowed none of his later interests, and was indeed articled at one time to a chartered accountant. At the age of twenty-three, however, in the summer of nineteen hundred and six, he abruptly and quite unexpectedly broke his articles, and began to devote himself to chemistry. Within a few years he had made the first of the important discoveries upon which his great company was built.*

"H'm," said Mr. Fratton. He looked carefully at Mr. Aster. "He was knocked down by a tram in Thanet Street in nineteen hundred and six, you know."

"Of course. He told me so," said Mr. Aster.

Mr. Fratton shook his head. "It's all very queer," he said.

"Very odd indeed," agreed Mr. Aster. THE END

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The Americans won't let us earn an honest dollar

by KEITH ELLIS

Sir Harold Caccia, Britain's Ambassador in Washington, protested when America said that it would threaten her security if a contract went to a British firm. "Tell that to the Marines," he said. Below: Hollywood starlets on British cycles—now kept out by tariffs

How can we pay our way across the Atlantic? British bids are best, but they're getting the big brush-off

IT was a fine autumn morning in 1956 when the Stratocruiser touched down at Idlewild. John Ballantyne, on his annual business trip to New York, felt happy.

Since the Scottish woollen mill of which he is sales director had, with four others, opened an office in the Empire State Building six years before, his dollar sales had risen from 17,000 yards of wool cloth to more than 100,000. In a few minutes, he would be meeting the head of the American office to discuss yet more expansion.

But the head of the American office was surprised at Ballantyne's cheerfulness. "Haven't you heard about the tariff quota?" he asked.

Ballantyne, who had left Scotland before the tariff quota had been announced, did not even know the meaning of the words. He could not foresee that within two years his American trade would be cut by half. Nor could he guess that a drop in British woollen cloth exports from £13 million to £9 million would contribute to unemployment in British mills.

"We've spent a lot of money styling our cloth for the American market," he says. "Just when we're getting the benefit, they turn round and do this."

After the war America liberalized her trade policies. She reduced her tariffs on manufactured goods from an average of forty-seven per cent in 1934 to around twelve per cent. Trade boomed. Between 1950 and 1957 United States consumer imports increased in value by fifty-five per cent; Britain's exports to America doubled.

But since the Republicans came to power in 1952, the pendulum has started to swing back. "America may be our best market," says an official of the Dollar Exports Council, sadly, "but British firms have found they can't afford to be too successful."

Under a reservation attached to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in 1947, the wool tariff quota could be invoked any time imports exceeded five per cent of recent home production. All imports up to that level would continue to pay duty at twenty-five per cent. After that, the tariff would jump to forty-five per cent.

Nobody thought that the quota would be invoked. Imports were far below the five per cent. But increasing competition from synthetics hit home production. By 1956, imports were above the five per cent.

Even so, there was no conclusive evidence that imports were harming American manufacturers, but in September, 1956, the Republican Party lost the Maine elections, which at that time took place before elections in the rest of the country. During the campaign, the unions—supporting the Democrats—had blamed imports for unemployment in the New England woollen industry. Republican Party leaders, anxious to avoid further defeats, set up the tariff quota.

It did not save the Republicans, but it brought chaos to our wool trade.

Now nobody knows exactly when the quota will be filled. Last year one firm put a large consignment on the Queen Mary. While it was at sea, the U.S. Bureau of Customs calculated that the quota would be open until July 2 at 4 p.m. The Queen Mary docked early on July 2 and the manufacturer congratulated himself on having to pay duty at the lower rate.

A few days later the Bureau of Customs announced that there had been a mistake. The quota had been filled on July 1 at 3.25 p.m. Cloth entering after that had to pay forty-five per cent. The difference added hundreds of pounds to the cost of the shipment.

As a result, Britain's share of the trade has dropped from 63.5 per cent in 1955 to 38.7 per cent in the first nine months of 1958.

The wool tariff quota is not the only

The Americans won't let us earn an honest dollar

continued from previous page

case where American party politics have dictated policy. The "Buy American" Act, passed in the depths of the prewar depression, states that U.S. Government contracts must be awarded to American firms unless their prices are "unreasonable." Then a contract may be awarded to a lower foreign bidder.

Originally, a foreign tender—including the normal tariff—had to be at least twenty-five per cent lower than the lowest American bid. In effect, the American market was closed to foreign firms.

In 1952 President Truman changed the interpretation of the word "unreasonable." He ruled that when a contract amounted to more than 25,000 dollars and the foreign bid was "low," the decision had to be made by the army, navy or air force secretary, not just a local purchasing officer.

The case would then be decided on its merits. Ferranti, a Lancashire firm, soon won a defence contract for a million dollars.

President Eisenhower took a different view. In 1953 the English Electric company tendered for the transformers and generators of the Chief Joseph Dam. Despite a tariff burden of 620,000 dollars, they were able to make a bid almost a million dollars lower than the lowest American tender.

Alarmed at the entry of British firms into what had only recently been an American monopoly, the American electrical industry exerted intense pressure on the government. In spite of the million-dollar lead, it was announced that the contract would not go to English Electric.

There was uproar on both sides of the Atlantic. The American Government then said that all the bids would be rejected and new tenders invited.

In the second round English Electric clipped its price for the transformers by 70,000 dollars and its bid of 1,761,317 dollars was almost half a million below the lowest American tender. It won the contract. But for the much more valuable generators, the American firm of Westinghouse reduced its original bid by more than 660,000 dollars and got the contract.

But the uproar had some effect. Shortly afterwards the American Government announced that under the "Buy American" Act, foreign bids would be accepted in future when, including tariffs, they were six per cent or more below the lowest American tender. When there was substantial unemployment in the industry involved, the foreign bid must be at least twelve per cent lower.

Since then British firms have usually —but not always—been awarded defence contracts when their bids have been substantially below those of American companies.

Recently, however, American business men have found a new way of bringing pressure on the American Government. Last January, English Electric bid for the contract for two turbines at Greer's Ferry Dam in Arkansas. It had spent between £5,000 and £10,000 preparing the tenders. It had reserved space for the job in its factories. When it found that its price of 1,450,000 dollars was nineteen per cent below that of the lowest American bidder, it confidently expected the job.

But there were other forces at work. In November a Republican politician named Hugh Scott stood for the Senate in Pennsylvania. At the time, it was known that the army—which was building the Greer's Ferry Dam—was in favour of the English Electric bid.

Tell the marines!

In one of his campaign speeches, Scott told the electors that the army would be overruled and the contract given to a local firm, Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton, the lowest American bidder.

He had, he said, been given assurances to this effect by the White House.

Against all expectations, Scott won his election. Shortly afterwards the army referred the tenders to the Office of Civil and Defence Mobilization for security clearance. The office's director is a former Republican governor of Iowa. It quickly decided that the English Electric bid must be rejected. America's future would be endangered, it said, if work were not found for otherwise unusable machine-tools belonging to Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton.

"You can tell that to the marines," said Sir Harold Caccia, the British Ambassador at Washington. "I think the ordinary man in the street would find it exceedingly difficult to believe the entire national security of the United States would be imperilled if two turbines were built by her ally, Britain."

What riled English Electric was the flimsiness of the excuse. If there were security reasons why the contract should go to an American firm, why had tenders—costing thousands of pounds to prepare—been invited from foreign firms in the first place? Their anger was not assuaged by the discovery that Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton had been granted contracts worth £8 million, payable in dollars, by British industry in the previous four years.

American manufacturers have not always disguised their intentions with the "Buy American" Act or a plea of national security. They have often tried—and sometimes succeeded—in getting a straight increase in duty on foreign goods which they thought were hurting them. British firms have recently been hit by increased duties on safety-pins and linen towelling. Not long ago British cycles were attacked.

For many years the American cycle industry had grumbled about foreign competition—even in 1938 when imports were only two per cent of the cycles sold in America. In 1946, it said that it faced "inevitable ruin"—and in 1947 sold an additional one million cycles. In 1952 the U.S. Tariff Commission rejected its plea for higher tariffs and said that it could find "no evidence of injury."

Then came 1954. By this time Britain had built up her cycle exports from 14,000 in 1949 to 534,000. In 1954 sales of American cycles began to drop and manufacturers blamed it on British competition. They asked for more protection. The British cycle industry claimed that the fall was due to merchants running down their stocks because of the depression and because of a switch in public taste to the lighter English cycle.

Of the six commissioners who sat on the case, one—believed to be favourable to Britain—retired before the commission reported. Of the other five, three found that British imports were injuring the American manufacturers and recommended increases in the tariff to eleven and a quarter per cent for lightweights and twenty-two and a half per cent for heavier machines. President Eisenhower confirmed the commissioners' findings in 1955.

Hostility to non-American products occurs in the most unlikely places. Recently, the International Civil Aviation Organization met in Montreal to choose between two systems of air navigation, the American Vor and the British Decca. The Decca system costs half the price of Vor and both British and American pilots agree that it is more accurate and provides a surer method of keeping aircraft away from each other in the world's overcrowded airways. I.C.A.O. chose Vor in preference to Decca—mainly, it is believed, because of pressure from the American Government.

British business men feel particularly annoyed by such actions because of America's stand over trade with Russia. Last year Britain lost Russian orders for chemical and plastics machinery worth at least £150 million because of State Department pressure.

The international implications are even more disturbing. In the next generation under-developed countries such as India will have large quantities of manufactured goods to export. America is an indispensable market. If she keeps out these goods, she will force India and other countries like her to turn to the Soviet bloc.

'Can't be trusted'

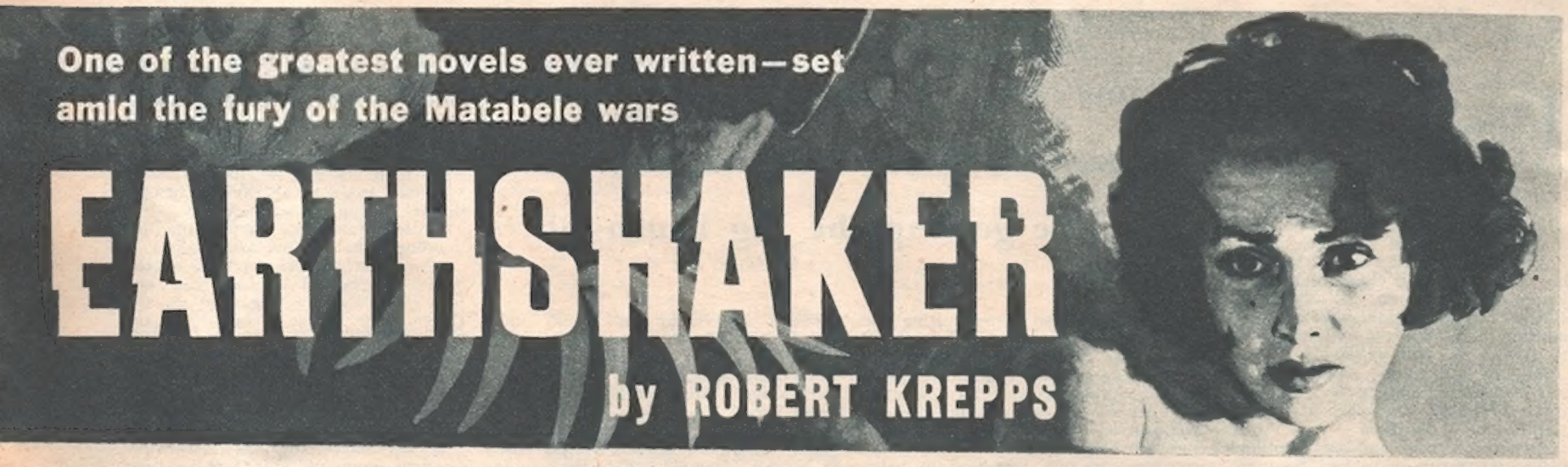
Two further cases now being considered by the Office of Civil and Defence Mobilization should give a clear idea of the direction future American policy is likely to take. The first is over a £4,320,000 contract awarded to the Newcastle firm of C. A. Parsons for turbines for the Tennessee Valley Authority.

America's General Electric Company was outbid for the same contract by £1,800,000. It is now asking the O.C.D.M. to rule that the award jeopardizes America's security because Parsons "does not have the background and experience necessary to be entrusted with this construction."

Secondly, the American electrical industry as a whole has submitted that foreign firms should be excluded from *all* contracts for heavy electrical machinery on security grounds. They say that non-American machinery is likely to break down; that in wartime, it might be difficult to get spares and replacements, and that the extent of foreign competition is threatening the existence of the American industry.

British firms have made a strong reply. They say that the first allegation is just not true and publish pictures of spectacular breakdowns of *American* machinery. As for the second, both English Electric and Ferranti, the main British firms involved, can service or replace machinery at their factories in Canada; thirdly, the 50 million dollars' worth of business obtained by British firms since they broke into the market in 1952 constitutes less than one per cent of total U.S. production.

On the outcome rests the future of Britain's dollar trade. THE END



As unforgettable as "King Solomon's Mines"; as vivid as "Gone With The Wind" . . . this passionate new drama of a white man who covets diamonds—and another man's wife **BEGINS NEXT WEEK**

THE WILD BABIES

What a startling experience for the Viceroy's representative—playing nursemaid to eleven howling children!

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

DURING the British *raj* in India, Rory McDougall was a political officer in the Central Provinces, and once he spent several days chasing a village. That year, the late rains had failed, and therefore also many of the crops. Famine and pestilence, the ancient scourges of the land, were abroad, and Rory was in charge of relief in his area.

At such times, necessities were normally distributed by village *patwaris*, working under the revenue inspectors, but Bhimti village had vanished and must be found, no doubt against its will.

For it belonged to the Gonds, the little dark wild men of those central forests, who still feared all strangers, white or brown, and took to the rocks if anyone were seen approaching their dwellings.

These small, flat-nosed Dravidians were the aboriginal owners of the land; great hunters and trackers, skilful with bow and arrow; and when hunting was lean they fed on roots, flowers and mice, or upon the small millets which they cast near their homes. But their only cultivation was with axe and fire, so that, when they had wasted the forest at hand, or the water supply was contaminated, or epidemics began, they left the now stinking place, and moved on into clean jungle.

Years of drought and famine among men are usually years of abundance in the forest. But now it was rumoured that cholera had broken out in the Gond villages, that their few haphazard crops had failed, and that there were no men left strong enough to hunt or forage.

Rory toured out with bullock carts carrying food, seed grain, and a good supply of permanganate of potash for the treating of infected wells.

HE was a large, determined man—elephantine, in fact, but every ounce of it hard. If he made up his mind to a thing, it got done, and now he decided to contact the aborigines. He visited their known villages at speed, giving them—whether they liked it or not—food and rough medical treatment, and turning their wells pink. In his wake, cholera ceased.

Rory was newly married, but he was travelling without his wife, for these were fever jungles—bad ones, sometimes deadly.

One after another the forest settlements were done, until only Bhimti was left to visit. But the village had moved.

"I know it was here last year," Rory commented to his servants and orderlies as they surveyed the reedy plains, the cane-brakes and close-tangled forest of teak, tamarind, bamboo and fig that lay before them, sighing like a sea.

"Sometimes there is a village in the Kaladoon," one of the men suggested.

So, leaving the bullock carts and most of his staff camped where he could find them again, Rory went on foot with some of his men to find Bhimti.

There was no village in the dark, fevery Kaladoon valley, but there was a place where huts had been. Bamboo ribs could be seen, with a little patted mud still stuck to them, and pumpkin plants opening yellow mouths over the ruin.

Rory sniffed the breeze. It carried a smell of wood smoke, which they followed, and found, not the Gonds, but some charcoal burners who told them where the village of Bhimti had gone when the Gonds heard that a white man was looking for it.

Soon they knew they must be close on its heels, for here were other huts where the smelly stillness told of recent habitation, and inside the ashes there was warmth.

This time it could be seen which way

There was still no sign of the villagers as Rory and his men set off for civilization . . .

The wild babies

continued from previous page

the village had travelled, and soon Rory knew they were right, for they came upon a small bag laid where pathways crossed. It contained a spoonful of boiled rice and was placed where someone might tread on it and so take upon himself the illness that plagued the donors.

Bhimti village was at hand.

Of course, jungle dialects in those parts are numerous, and Rory had a smattering of some; but also the Gonds, by contact here and there, were assimilating enough Hindi to understand the outside world. So Rory stood upon a knoll and called to the village which had tried to run away from him.

"Oh, men of the mountains!" he shouted. "Oh, sons of princes, I am a friend bringing food."

His voice scattered birds, but no one answered.

He called again, two or three times and, receiving no reply, proceeded to the village.

It lay in perfect silence, but this time it *was* Bhimti, for it was a brand-new village. The grass of which the houses were made was yet fresh. There were no crops and there was no dirt.

Also, there were no people.

Rory went to the nearest hut and looked in. His eyes were still full of sunlight, but he saw something in the darkness at the back. A dog? A squirrel? *No.* . . .

Suddenly, misery overcoming fear, the child began to cry; and, at the sound, other babies wept in other huts.

Rory and his men raced from one to another. There were eleven children of all ages, and all of them weak, ill, starved.

First, to feed them. There was nothing in the village. The men divided their own food and drink and it was actually a pleasure to go hungry themselves.

"You, Debi Singh, a good runner," Rory commanded, "will get back to the bullock carts. Bring food, and tell them. . . ." He gave his orders.

WHILE waiting for Debi Singh's return, which would not be for many hours yet, the men searched for the adults of the village, dead or alive, but there was nothing to show what had happened to them. He questioned the children. They stared, but did not speak.

Late in the evening, Debi Singh returned with food. This was cooked at once, and some of it pounded up to make gruel for the younger ones. Hot soup and *chupattis* revived everyone, but. . . .

"They must have milk," Rory worried.

Being but newly married, he knew nothing about children except that small ones should have milk. He must somehow get this handful of babies to a cow.

That night they stayed in the Gond village, in case some clue might show what had happened to everyone. He again questioned the children, and his men did too, but all they could get from them was a whispered "Gon. . . ." The men could only imagine the various disasters that might have removed the rest of the tribe.

By morning Rory had decided what to do. He and his men carried this pathetic remnant of Bhimti village to the bullock carts and set out for civilization.

Civilization was a fortnight's journey away, but twenty-four hours of food and milk powder restored most of the children to their feet. They began to chatter among themselves like a row of sparrows, though no one could understand their speech; and they began to run about.

Rory, six-foot-two, and fourteen stone, with a voice like a tiger's in his chest, had got to control these tiny forest babies who did not understand a word he said, who stared at him like nestlings about to be eaten. What must he do for them? And how could it be done?

"These children," he decided, "have got to be washed."

While life itself had been at stake, he had closed his senses to their condition. Now, with them scuttling all over the camp and burrowing into everything, like a plague of mice, it was impossible to do so any longer.

HIS men said: "Sahib, they have never been washed. There are no women in the camp, and besides——"

There must be no offence against caste. Rory took the children himself to the river. There he, and those who could help him, placed them all in one bullock cart and, as each was washed, transferred it, clean, to another, where it received a lump of sweet jaggery to suck; partly as reparation for a horrible experience, but mostly to plug the source of noise.

For as they were washed, the children struggled, screamed, wept, and wriggled like fishes. They slipped out of big hands which dared not hold too tight, for fear of hurting, and ran away and were caught again with much trouble.

But the men worked their way through the job, until all the little creatures gleamed their natural lovely brown, and smelled as sweet as berries. It was like washing grime from masterpieces. As the bronze came up shining out of the water, and glowed with purple shadows and the living gold of the sun, there was compensation for toil, the enormous satisfaction of cleanliness—of rescue of beauty from dirt.

When it was over, with the wail of infants echoing in his ears till he thought it would affect his brain much more quickly than the famous call of the brain-fever bird, which is known to be deadly, Rory washed himself too and sat down to his supper.

The children were quiet at last, at last. May Heaven be praised, there was *silence*, which he had never before valued. Time to appreciate stars, moon, black foliage. The light from his oil lamp was shining upwards on to the veined undersides of leaves which hung above it, trembling slightly from its warmth.

And the children were quiet, thank God. Quiet. They had found bullock dirt to play with.

Next day, on they went. Travelling was slow, about two miles an hour, and plenty of time must be allowed each day to make and break camp, to cook and get in water and firewood. In places the paths or firelines which they were following faded out altogether and they must pioneer their route across the grass and stones, or through heavy jungle inhabited by every kind of wild animal, including bear and wolf. Each night they heard tigers, who prowled nearby, attracted no doubt by the bullocks.

For Rory, there was abiding anxiety about his enchanting babies, and the prevention of accident, illness and loss as they journeyed through the wilderness. Was this child really ill, or had he merely eaten too much? Did that one scream because of fear, or with real pain? The children of course, like all children, did what they could to help. That is to say, they wanted everything at the wrong moment; and it was no trouble for them to be sick, usually in the most inconsiderate places.

With nerves worn by yelling babies and by the shriek of solid wooden wheels grinding on axles, Rory strained towards the Mission which he had in mind for his cargo of little souls. There he would hand over his alarming cartload to women.

He washed the children a second time.

IN the morning, with the early sun still glittering among leaves, Debi Singh rushed to his master.

"One of the babies is missing. . . ."

Rory found himself on his feet as he heard this news. He ran. It was true. A little boy. . . .

They made a desperate search, working in wider and wider sweeps outwards from the camp, but finding nothing. The search went on all day and into the evening.

After dusk a shout rose: "Another boy is gone!"

Now, to collect one's sanity. Not to let it be seen, the fright that one felt. Rory marshalled his calmness.

"I think they're running away, now that they're stronger," he announced. "We shall camp here till these two are found. They're only babies, not grown Gonds, who might scrape a living. They'll get hungry and come back. But the rest must be watched."

He took the first night-watch, placing himself in the shadow of a tree near the sleeping children. He had no difficulty in keeping awake, for his thoughts were with those two mites whom he had lost. They were just as much forest babies as were the fawns and cubs of wild creatures, yet how could they live if not found? He pictured them in the darkness among the wild beasts.

An hour or so after midnight, something alerted him, and he saw a stranger creeping up to his babies.

He threw himself upon the intruder with a shout. The camp woke and yelled, thinking themselves attacked.

Calling for a light, Rory disarmed his adversary of the axe he carried, and held him fast. When the light came, he saw that the man he had captured was a small, muscular Gond dressed in a tiny loin cloth. He stood panting among his captors, who began to question him.

At first he would not answer, but presently as his fear subsided, he grunted a few replies. They understood each other with difficulty.

"Who are you? What do you want? And where are the rest of your people?" Rory wanted to know.

"They are in the jungle." The Gond jerked his head.

"Call them, then," ordered Rory quietly. "We shall not harm you. Here is your axe, I give it back to you."

QUICKLY the man snatched it and sprang away, blade at the ready. His eyes darted from one face to another. Barely more than five feet tall, he was but a child of nature himself, who feared the gods living in the *saj* tree; a simple soul to whom everything strange was dangerous.

"Call your people," repeated Rory, "so that all may feed."

The Gond still stared, assessing his adversary, but suddenly he called.

By ones and twos, other little jungle men began to appear, and with them the missing boys. At sight of their people, the remaining children in camp ran to them and hid behind their mothers.

It was now Rory's turn to stare. Dirty these people might be, but he knew them to be honest. Brave, too, for they would tackle even the wild buffalo and the bison with their toy weapons. What had made them act as they had?

"Why did you leave your children to die in Bhimti village?" he asked

"Not to die! You called out that you had food. We left them for you to feed because we had none."

"But you are jungle men——"

"Our hunters were weak from illness. Our crops failed. We went after porcupines but there were tigers in the cave. We ate grass seeds——"

"Yet now you come to steal your children back?"

They could scarcely speak for emotion. "We gave them to you because we had no food," they explained again, patiently, "but to *wash* them . . . will let the fever in."

"You want your children back?"

"*Yes!*"

So Rory thankfully gave the wild babies back to their forest people, though not without a pang of loss; and he gave food and millet seed.

Then he returned full speed to headquarters, feeling five stone lighter, whistling now and then, and thinking: How in Heaven's name could I ever have thought that I liked children! Loved them, even! Bless their wicked hearts.

THE END

© *Norah Burke, 1959*

THE DOG

Nose laid to paws he waits,
His future and his past,
Even his present nothing he would claim
For his own being. Slow or fast

The minutes go their way,
Not by a clock, but by the waiting time
For sound of footsteps and a voice.
He knows he has one place

Only, a body length
Of dumb expectancy. Until a gate
Slams to duet his strident joy,
The dog will wait.

B. R. GIBBS

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

BRACEGIRDLE AND THE TEENAGERS
—a thriller by THURMAN WARRINER

MR. POST AND HIS GHOST
—a laughter-maker by CLIVE BURNLEY

LIONEL DAVIDSON makes a personal call on LADY LEWISHAM

Lady Beautiful Bountiful

Lady Lewisham makes the draw in a charity raffle. She has a compulsion to help others. "You see, one feels so terribly fortunate," she says

"MR. DAVIDSON to see her ladyship," said the butler in a grave undertone to himself, and admitted me, with decorum. Everything about the house, in Belgravia's fashionable Chester Street, has decorum. Five storeys high, the very epitome of a viscount's town establishment, it is fairly done up to the knocker.

Gilt-tipped railings surround it. Twin bay trees guard the steps. There is a gilt bell push on the doorpost and gilt coronets on the door. This is the London house of the Viscountess Lewisham, formerly Mrs. Gerald Legge, née Raine McCorquodale, darling of society and scourge of the inefficient. Lady Lewisham does nothing by halves.

Today she has decided to wear black. So black it is: black jumper, black skirt, black waistband, black stockings, black patent leather shoes. All this black, taken in conjunction with her nimbus of fair hair and the well-known smile, gives her the appearance of an elegant and rather stunning witch as she walks the length of her drawing-room to greet me.

Deb of the year

At twenty-nine, Raine Lewisham is possibly the best-known member of London society. Deb of the year, and bride of the year (in 1948, when she was eighteen), she has been able to claim ever since more newspaper, magazine and television space than almost any non-Royal in the land.

She comes of a line of good-looking and sprightly women with strong ideas on "graciousness" and standards of behaviour, and a tradition of service to "those less fortunate than ourselves."

Her grandmother, eighty-one year old Polly Cartland, is the present matriarch of the line. Her mother, novelist Barbara Cartland, is the most active—in print, at any rate. As a member by marriage of the McCorquordale family, she is closely connected with an empire of more than twenty printing works. In a modest way, she keeps the industry busy with an output of several hundred columns and two best-selling romances a year.

Raine Lewisham herself has not so far gone into print on any regular or extensive scale; she has instead shown unusual skill in getting others to write about her.

In answer to criticism that she is an inveterate publicity-seeker, she has always replied that she needs publicity to give her a national platform. I said: "Lady Lewisham, just what is it you're saying from your platform?"

"Well, it varies. But it's true about the need for a platform. I learned that many years ago when I was doing Care Committee work. People would ask for help—with housing and one problem or another. And I was completely powerless. I wasn't anybody. Nobody knew me. It didn't help if I wrote to councils. All I got back was a very long-winded reply. I realized that to help people I had to have a platform."

"What is this compulsion to help people?"

"Ah, well, that's rather difficult to explain. You see, one feels so terribly fortunate. We are such a united family. We all adore each other and feel, you know, tremendously *beholden* for our good luck. So we try to help people —Mummy principally through her books and articles. We try to help people who are alone and who have drifted away from their friends."

"What sort of help does your platform enable you to give?"

"What sort of help? I'll just give you a single instance. A woman wrote to me from an old people's home. She was crippled but only forty-eight. The council said they had nowhere else to put her, so she was sleeping in a dormitory with twenty-eight old people who were both senile and incontinent. Imagine that! It was so awful, I couldn't believe it.

"So I went down to this home right away. Because she'd asked to see me, they couldn't refuse to let me in. But the welfare officer was waiting for me. He said: 'Oh, I do hope you won't tell the press about this—it's a confidential matter, isn't it?' And so on and so on.

"Of course, I had no intention of giving any such promise, and I went round the home and saw how ghastly it was, and I got that woman out. But I'd never have done it if that man hadn't been so frightened that I would have the newspapers down about his heels. Now that is the power. That is where a platform is so useful. That is where the press is so marvellous."

I recalled that she had not always had such splendid or deserved victories over Authority. In a recent tussle with the committee of an old people's home at Victoria—who had disapproved of what they considered her somewhat proprietorial patronage—harsh words had been exchanged and she had finally left in a dudgeon. I asked her about it.

Lady Lewisham's smile, a more or less permanent feature of her heart-shaped face, chilled slightly. She said she had nothing to say on the subject.

"Did you think criticism that you were acting as a kind of Lady Bountiful was justified?"

Still nothing to say.

"Were you somewhat disheartened by the episode?"

Lady Lewisham had plenty to say on this one. She *had* been disheartened. She had suffered frightfully. But she couldn't possibly tell me for publication. It would give the wrong *impression*. And besides, it was such a *bore*, and not at all *nice*. She really thought we should move on.

We moved on. I asked how many old people's homes she visited.

"Well, I have visited about two hundred, all over England. Everywhere I go—to speak or to attend different functions—I visit homes. What started me off, actually, was a visit I paid with my mother to a home a few years ago. It gave me such a tremendous shock.

"There were twenty-five old men in a dormitory, and it was—oh, so comfortless. Stone floors, no mats, no curtains, no lockers. Above each bed there was a small card with the name of the occupant's next of kin. We asked the matron why, and she said: 'It's so useful if they die in the night.'

"After that I began to visit as many homes as I could. I haven't found active cruelty so much as an attitude that old people are just unwanted parcels with no feelings of their own. In one home, for instance, the matron said to me in the hearing of a room full of old women, 'They're all senile. They ought to have been over the wall into the cemetery long ago.' When you experience that you've got to speak out."

"Were you always a speaker-out—as a girl?"

"No. I was rather shy."

"What made you start?"

"Honestly, I can't remember. But people should speak out more," she

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Lady Beautiful Bountiful

continued from previous page

then went on, her eyes narrowing intensely as she rattled on to her favourite subject. "On the whole, people are rather nervous—they don't like to speak out themselves. But I don't mind a bit. That's why they write to me. They know I don't mind. They know I have no personal axe to grind, and that I will speak out if necessary."

Lady Lewisham's talent for speaking out on newsworthy issues, the main reason for her star billing in Fleet Street, is one she keeps in constant trim. As a grandfather clock pinged half past four and the butler made a stately appearance with a silver tea-service, she demonstrated with a brief, virtuoso performance ranging widely over her current Subjects. These include new roads (she is for), child actors in sex plays (she is against), town planning (for), gym slips for girls (against).

Without abating her discourse for a moment, she poured me a cup of tea, which I drank with pleasure. Lady Lewisham's is an agreeable voice to listen to; and even in full harangue it is no hardship to watch her. Her hands are in constant movement. The butterfly smile flits on and off. The almost inhuman perfection of her face is broken by a single jaunty, crooked tooth.

I asked if she had any Parliamentary ambitions.

"Well, I would love to become a Member of Parliament, but it's very difficult because my husband doesn't want me to, and I completely understand why because the times are so awkward. Divisions and debates are always in the evening. I should see so little of my husband and children and that could wreck any marriage. I've been offered various seats but I just don't see how I could accept."

"I heard somewhere that your husband doesn't mind what you do so long as you are home for dinner."

"Oh, that's a bit of an exaggeration. But he's delighted that I should take an interest in local government. He's very proud that I sit for West Lewisham on the L.C.C. His grandfather was the Member of Parliament for Lewisham and his uncle was the L.C.C. member, so there are strong family connections."

Help from the press

I wondered if he was equally delighted at all the publicity his dynamic viscountess attracted.

"Oh, well, he *doesn't* like publicity. He dislikes it very much for himself. But he quite appreciates that for the things I do it is sometimes very necessary. The press have helped so much in exposing things that needed reform."

"Have you sometimes tended to play up to the press for this reason—to ensure their continuing support?"

Her ladyship's smile froze momentarily. "I don't think I quite follow the words 'play up.' If you mean am I polite when I don't want anything out of them, the answer is yes. I despise people who make use of the press when it suits them, and then pretend they hate publicity. That sort of behaviour," she concluded severely, "is very dishonest in my opinion."

When not engaged on her speaking-out duties, Lady Lewisham is one of Belgravia's most notable hostesses. She can afford to be. Apart from a liberal housekeeping allowance (her husband, joint managing director of a bank, is reputed to receive a five-figure salary), she herself earns £1,500 a year as a consultant on women's interests to an advertising agency.

She told me she usually invited eight people to dinner so that the company, if they felt like it, could make up two tables of bridge afterwards.

"How do you choose your guests?" I asked.

"If we are going to play bridge, I choose people who are about the same standard and who like each other. I would never ask people who dislike each other purely in order to cause an explosion at the dinner table as some hostesses do. I think that's a great mistake."

"Do you know hostesses who do that?"

"Oh, yes. I've been to parties where the hostess has deliberately invited two people who dislike each other very much, in order to stimulate interest. Everyone just waits to see what will happen—and usually they haven't got long to wait. I think that's very tiresome. A dinner party should be a relaxed, friendly occasion."

"Has anything untoward ever happened at one of yours?"

"Nothing really. On one occasion when I had a dinner party for eleven, two great friends of mine arrived uninvited. I gave them a drink, introduced them all round and managed to whisper to the butler to lay two more places and warn the cook. Just as dinner was announced, my two uninvited friends burst out laughing. They'd been playing a joke on me to see what I would do. In fact they were off to dine with the Duchess of Argyll."

'Equality is nonsense'

"What staff have you here?"

"Four. The butler and three Italians who were friends before they came here so they are all very happy together. We have a chef who's twenty and cooks wonderfully, and a housemaid, and a boy who does all kinds of things about the house."

"How old are your children? Are they at school?"

"William is at school. He's nine. Rupert is eight and has a governess. There are fourteen months between them."

"If you had a daughter would you send her to a university or to a finishing school?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't send her to a university. I think it's a waste of time for girls to be too clever. All this business about equality and so on—it's absolute nonsense. Women don't want equality. They'd throw up the most fabulous job and the most distinguished career if they fell in love with the right man. And I think they'd be absolutely right! Of course, it's different for women doctors and teachers and so on. But basically what a woman wants is partnership rather than equality."

"Do you think that there's a difference?"

"Oh, I think a tremendous difference. Equality for women sounds bossy and unattractive and pushing men aside to get the jobs they want. Partnership is sharing, which is quite different."

"You're rather against partnership at the kitchen sink, I understand." She has recently been speaking out against the iniquity of men having to wash up, adding, to the delight of reporters, "Lord Lewisham wouldn't dream of doing a hand's turn about the house. He won't even pick his clothes up off the floor."

The most enormous smile spread over her face. "Oh, well, I do think it's terribly bad luck for husbands when

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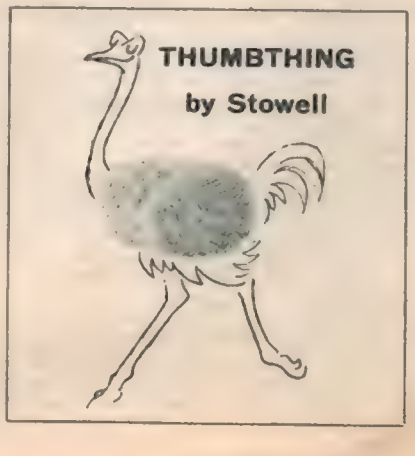


FLYING HIGH · 5 *by* HUGHIE GREEN

I lead a double life— and double my money

For years I prepared my case against the B.B.C. Now my work was in ruins, and I was bankrupt—with the task of raising £14,000

WHEN I took a taxi to London's High Court, on the first morning of my law case against the B.B.C., the driver went down Carey Street. He ought to have dropped me at the Bankruptcy Court there. What a lot of time it would have saved!

A year later, in 1956, I was bankrupt, all through a debt I would have missed if only counsel in the High Court hadn't spoken four words. Those four words cost me £14,000. . . .

People often ask me if I regret bringing the case. The answer is no. In alleging that B.B.C. officials had accepted bribes, and conspired to keep me off the air since the end of my amateur talent series, *Opportunity Knocks*, in 1949, I firmly believed—and still believe—I was right.

Conspiracy, though, is among the toughest of accusations to prove. Collecting my evidence lasted five and a half years. During that time, of course, I wasn't welcome at the corporation's studios. I had to earn a living, and pay my lawyers' fees, by means of TV appearances in New York, *Opportunity Knocks* on Radio Luxembourg, and by flying thousands of miles as a commercial pilot.

The climax to the worry and effort was a long and very expensive legal action. But I got my money's-worth.

My leading counsel was Lord Hailsham. On the first morning, on May 3, he got away to a tremendous start. "*We* will prove this!" he said, and "*we* will prove that!" As I sat alone on the hard bench in front of the fiery Hailsham, who was saying a host of horrible things brilliantly, I suddenly realized with a shock that I was the "we."

Hailsham thundered

Awed at being solely responsible for this impressive gathering, I gazed around in the gloom of the court. Red-robed Mr. Justice Pearson made notes. One of the nine defendants bit his thumbnail. Opposing counsel whispered among themselves. How did my lawyer, I wondered, manage to get such a high polish on his shoes? Carefully I counted the windows.

Hailsham thundered on, and I thought: *If it wasn't for me everyone could be outside enjoying the sun.* No doubt except for the lawyers who, poker-faced, fingered fat retainers in their briefs, they all wished they were. What a hell of a nuisance I was!

The case, which was expected to last a fortnight, turned into a twenty-day marathon. My bitterest blow was when Lord Hailsham waved a chubby hand at a bundle of papers and announced that he wasn't going to use it as evidence.

"This correspondence," he said, "is protected by parliamentary privilege."

Glumly I looked at the bundle. In it were letters bearing the signatures of Clement Attlee, Herbert Morrison and the Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross. One wonders what the judge and jury might have thought had they been able to read some of their letters.

When I was put into the witness-box for my evidence and subsequent cross-examination, it was my longest and loneliest "personal appearance." I spent a total of nine and a half hours under fire.

The matter of damages arose. My prime object in bringing the case was not to seek these but to ventilate in public grievances which Sir William Haley, the Director-General of the B.B.C., had sought to investigate in private.

But conspiracy as a civil action requires that the plaintiff must claim damages. To assess them was extremely difficult; trying to estimate what one *might* have earned in show business is practically impossible. I plumped for £33,000—a low estimate.

Allowed by law to examine the books of *Opportunity Knocks* for the months it ran on the B.B.C. counsel for the defence was not slow in reminding me that in one week I earned only two pounds.

"Two pounds is all you were worth," he harped. "Just think of it—two pounds! Yet you stand there and ask for thousands!"

The stupidity of trying to compute any artist's commercial value on the earnings of a single week is illustrated by the fact that a year after the case I earned, on behalf of the company which employed me, £400 a week. A year later I reached the figure of £700 a week.

Day after day the case continued, bringing to light, unfortunately, personal aspects of some of the defendants' lives.

For this I am as deeply sorry now as I was then.

Valiantly, in the face of all opposition, Hailsham ploughed ahead. As time ran on, so my money ran out. Buses replaced my morning taxi to court. Friends kept the case going financially, and my wife's former nurse, Marie Low, who was our cook and housekeeper, bought our food.

The jury took twenty-two minutes to

Patricia Burke found the right answer to *Double Your Money's* £1,024 jackpot question, but . . .

. . . History expert Plantagenet Fry decided to dodge it. He won £512, then refused to take risks

Footballer Bobby Charlton (left) upset the rules and refused to go into the soundproof box. He gave the £1,000 answer on the stage

Flying high

continued from previous page

consider the case. Five and a half years after starting my case I had lost.

We stood up as Mr. Justice Pearson rose to leave the court. He had turned his heel and was actually on the point of going through the door when bewigged counsel for the defence asked: "And costs, my lord?"

The judge hesitated for a moment, then said: "Oh, yes. And costs."

These were £14,000. Had the judge left without being asked those four words, I would have been free of them.

That evening was the blackest of my life. Fourteen thousand pounds was a fantastically large sum. I couldn't think of any way of raising it.

The only heartening thing was the amazing reaction of ordinary British people who had been following the case in the papers. Within twenty-four hours of the verdict I received anonymous letters containing nearly £1,000. Some of it was in notes, and some in coins. Most of it, probably, came from people who needed the money as much as I did.

I'll never forget their wonderful generosity.

Pulling myself together, I began to take stock. I had to start earning money again, and quickly.

My sponsors on Radio Luxembourg, reasonably enough, withheld their decision on whether my new quiz programme, *Double Your Money*, should come back for another series.

Luckily, I had a job left. I was still employed by G. & M. Air Interests, Ltd., a company that I had helped to form.

The company's business was literally everything to do with air, which meant that in return for a roof over my head and a crust, I had to talk, dance and tell funny stories in radio and TV programmes that went out on the air; fly, buy and sell aeroplanes.

I was grateful for any employment. Was I bitter? No. Sad? A little. Busy? Thank God, yes, and for this reason was spared the agony of brooding over how and why I'd lost.

A week after the case I flew to Istanbul to assist John Slade, a director of G. & M. Air Interests, in a £300,000 deal for arranging the overhaul of seven Dakotas of Turkish Airlines.

John met me at the airport with news of a show business offer which had been phoned from London. Billy Butlin wanted me for a twelve-week run of *Double Your Money* at his Skegness holiday camp.

Drinking with John on the balcony of our hotel that evening, I stared across the Bosphorus at the minarets of Asia. The air was warm and heavy.

"Do you really want to go back to show business?" John asked.

I shook my head. "No," I said, "except for one big reason."

"What's that?"

"To prove wrong that Smart Alec of a counsel who said I was worth only two pounds a week."

Full of fight

I'll never be able to thank Billy Butlin and Basil Brown, his entertainments director, enough for their offer. Their faith in me, when I was probably the least-wanted character in the profession, gave me the confidence I needed. I set off for Britain in good heart, and full of fight.

Skegness, where I gagged to audiences: "Don't applaud; just send the money to my creditors," was my turning point.

Immediately, things started to look up. My contract for Radio Luxembourg was renewed. And at the end of August I started telerecording a thirteen-week series of *Double Your Money* for commercial television.

This, I felt, wasn't bad for a £2-a-week man.

When *Double Your Money* was first launched as a TV show in the autumn of 1955 the jackpot question was worth £1,024—today we have trimmed this to a neater £1,000—and the programme was the biggest give-away series ever televised in Britain.

Proper studio space was hard to find, though. We had to make do with a converted church in Highbury, North London.

Right from the outset, choosing the contestants for the programme was a problem. There was no lack of applications; letters poured in—and still pour in—at a rate of about five thousand a month. However, we had to beware of the fact that even the nicest and most amusing person can shut up like a clam when asked a question in public.

All the applicants had to be given auditions—a job which was taken over by John Heyman, a tall, big-boned, ex-Oxford law student who today is my manager. He looks after the day-to-day running of the programme and keeps up to date our permanent stock of questions on sixty-three subjects, worth a total of £15,561 in prize money.

Throughout the show's four series, our basic idea has been to keep it fresh by having no rehearsals whatever. The first time I meet each contestant is on the stage, in front of the cameras.

It was John Heyman who, in 1955, was responsible for introducing me to Britain's first quiz-show celebrity. John was still a student at the time, and earned extra money as a swimming pool attendant. Having been given a free ticket for the show, he tried his luck as a contestant. Afterwards he offered: "I know some students at Oxford who'd be wonderful characters for this programme."

I realized what he meant when, on a show a few weeks later, I greeted a fantastic figure who swaggered on to the stage with a flowing red beard, deerstalker hat, cravat, monocle and walking cane.

"Your name, sir?" I asked.

He leaned on his cane, his jacket falling open to reveal a richly brocaded waistcoat.

"My name is Peter Plantagenet Somerset Fry," he said.

The audience roared its approval as Peter went from strength to strength, choosing history as his subject and eventually winning £512 for giving the dates of the reigns, and relationships, of the Kings Louis who ruled France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Innocent king?

He declined to go farther and try to double his money, but announced that he was going to spend his £512 on publishing a thesis exonerating Richard III from all blame for the murder of the Princes in the Tower.

During the first series in 1955-56, our great worry was that for the first twenty-four weeks no one succeeded in winning the jackpot. Anxiously we followed the progress of each contestant as he or she neared the top question. But at the last moment it was either answered wrongly, or the contestant decided to stand down and keep the money already won.

The strain on the entire *Double Your Money* team was unbearable. In quiz games, if contestants don't win, viewers don't watch.

At last we came across a contestant named Michael Ross who had an amazing knowledge of horse-racing. He seemed a certainty for the jackpot. John Heyman, who by then had left Oxford and joined us, prepared three questions, each with six parts to it, for the fatal night. Frankly, they were brutes. The first two, in my opinion, were unanswerable, and I said so.

"Well, the third one's fair to him," insisted John Beard, the creator of the show. "After all, it's on breeding, and he works in a blood-stock agency."

"Couldn't we ease it up a bit?" I asked.

Beard was adamant. "If he wants to double his money the questions get tougher, or we don't have a game," he said.

Michael went into the soundproof

In Short

Acrobat

Nature's
Own performer,
Dark-capped,
Feathered clown,
Bluetit
On the suet,
Hanging
Upside down.

HELEN ADAIR

Scarecrow

The scarecrow in our garden scares
The crows away, would frighten bears
And wolves, no doubt. But what I need
To save results of toil and seed
Is one that would, to spare my plants,
Scare off the aphids and the ants.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Things We Wish We'd Never Started

Dear English Friends,

I write to you to say that my daughter Félice is greatly happy that you will meet her at London Airport at five hours on Sunday morning. She is much looking forwards to see Barbara again. How desolated we were to send Barbara back to you from Paris with a broken arm, but if she had only told us that she had not before ridden a horse. . . .

I am reading in Barbara's letter to Félice, "Daddy hopes you look like Brigitte Bardot," but I do not understand this. When I ask Félice, she laugh and say, "*Maman*, it is a little joke." What many jokes they have together, these children! Always Félice is reading the English magazines that Barbara sends her and she is impatient to meet all your Goons and Teddy Boys, though myself I have not heard of these people. I must tell you that Félice is writing a novel and will perhaps wish to put you in it, but I am sure she will be most *discrète*. She wishes that I ask, do you ride often in the Rotten Row? This also she thinks would be good for her novel.

Félice is bringing her own radio because she cannot sleep without the *jazz hot*, but I tell her she must have your permission to play it in the night. I hope you will not let her drive your car, except perhaps in the country. You will find that she is very kind to your servants. Please, not to give her more than one glass of wine at dinner and to make her try the porridge. She thinks she will not like it, but perhaps Barbara did not describe it very well. All day Félice recites to herself with delight your so charming address, Hildasholme, Laburnum Crescent, which she thinks is *très, très romantique*.

E. S. TURNER

No, Like This!

"Can I pop in? Papering the hall? Not making much use of your left hand, are you, old man?"

"I'm holding the paper with it."

"Let gravity do the work for you. While you slap the paste on with the right hand, just hold the top of the paper with two fingers and let it hang down."

"Have you any idea of the difficulties I'm facing and overcoming?"

"Difficulties you're making for yourself. If you won't make full use of your left thumb, how on earth can you expect to do an efficient job?"

"Well, what do you want me to do with my left thumb, mix some more paste?

"Balance the right-hand edge of the piece of paper ready to press against the wall and then take the paste pot with the thumb to leave the right hand free for smoothing."

"Anytime you're papering your own walls, just let me know. That's all I ask. Just let me know."

"Why aren't your knees working?"

"My toe's itching!"

"Use your left knee to press the paper into place and then give a rotary movement of your right knee and smooth it evenly on the wall."

"I was leaving that for my chin."

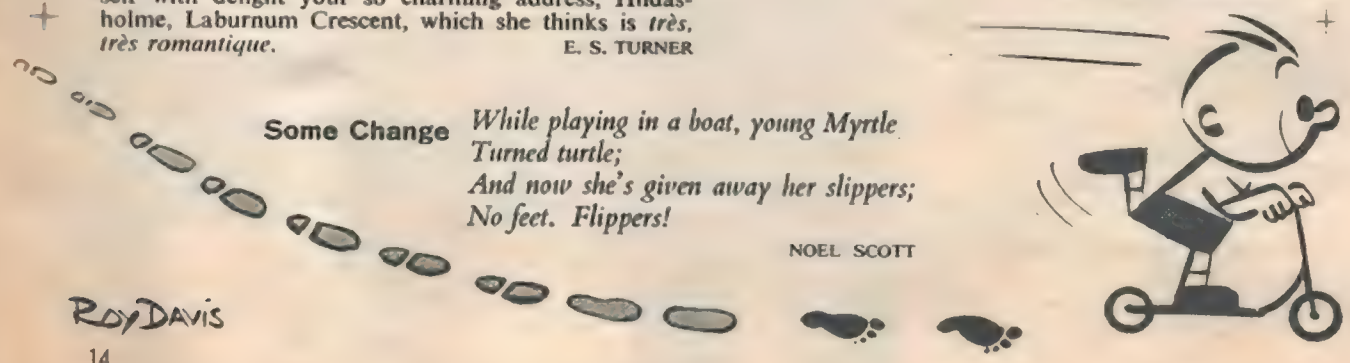
"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

Some Change

While playing in a boat, young Myrtle
Turned turtle;
And now she's given away her slippers;
No feet. Flippers!

NOEL SCOTT



box. Taking the whole of his allotted two minutes, he got five parts of the question right. Then to his and everyone else's agony, he couldn't remember the name of the horse concerned in the sixth part.

Would nobody *ever* win that jackpot?

To add to the gloom after the show, Heyman came into my dressing-room.

"I've just asked Michael the two alternative questions and he answered all parts of them perfectly," he said.

The jackpot eventually went to a very beautiful young lady, a spellbinder named Patricia, or Robin, Burke, who was a Pakistani student. She answered a question on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Subsequent jackpot winners have included a baker and his wife who answered questions on their favourite subject, opera, and gave part of their winnings to the Covent Garden Trust; a taxi-driver named Fred Borders who dazzled us with mental arithmetic; Godfrey Evans, the Kent and England wicket-keeper, who answered questions on precious jewellery and, a few weeks ago, handsome Bobby Charlton, the Manchester United and England inside forward, who upset all our rules by refusing to go into the soundproof box and insisted on answering the £1,000 question on the stage.

When the original TV version of *Double Your Money* was getting into its stride in the autumn of 1955, I went to the bosses of Associated-Rediffusion with an idea. "Why don't you do bigger shows, with exciting personalities such as Lena Horne?" I asked.

"We can't get hold of them," was the reply.

I happened to be in New York soon afterwards, and outside the Ziegfeld Theatre on Sixth Avenue met Charlie Wick, the American show business manager. I told him that British TV was looking for international stars.

"Who do you want?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "who could you get?"

"I'll have Eartha Kitt over for Christmas?"

Charlie was as good as his word.

Eartha is a very great, volatile artist whom I admire tremendously. But, off-stage, she can be a different person to talk to. In the middle of a conversation she will suddenly switch off her mind and ignore you.

The main purpose of her visit was to make for me a special TV film titled *Twenty-four Hours in London With Eartha Kitt*.

Eartha likes to keep warm, so she wasn't exactly keen when we told her that the opening sequence would be shot in Trafalgar Square at dawn. Nevertheless, she arrived there at 6.30 a.m. on New Year's Day—a Sunday—when the square was deserted. The weather was freezing. After protesting, quite understandably, that she didn't in the least feel like dancing round the fountains at such a bleak hour, we started work—only to have the camera run out of film.

Eartha gets angry

We got her back at dawn the following Sunday, when the square was again empty, but then discovered that the camera crane was locked and no one could find the key.

By this time, Eartha was in one of her "tigress" moods. Getting her back into her car and persuading her to return four hours later when I had found a locksmith was a major exercise in tact and diplomacy.

Early in April, 1956, we began auditions for the ITV version of *Opportunity Knocks*. Seven thousand hopefuls applied, and had to be whittled down to fifty.

Then in the summer the problem of paying my legal debts reached a crisis. I had already offered to pay back the entire debt at a rate of £500 a year, and my doctor gave evidence that I was likely to live long enough to do it, but this had been turned down. When I offered my creditors 5s. in the pound, this was refused, too. A receiving order was made against me.

On July 18 I went to the Bankruptcy

continued on page 24

Aldermaston marchers, tube sit-down strikers.... Do they achieve anything—and what do they risk from the law?

Does it pay to protest like this?

Force... but when persuasion fails. A girl is carried off by police in the demonstration at Swaffham, Norfolk, rocket missile base

by EWAN MITCHELL

APRIL CARTER sloshed her way into the headlines. She did it by sitting in a puddle and refusing to budge. With other supporters of the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, she descended on the rocket base at Swaffham in Norfolk last December to try to hold up work on the site. Like the Aldermaston marchers, who plan to trudge half across Britain this weekend, their object was passive resistance to a government policy they dislike.

The Swaffham demonstrators began by making speeches outside the base, greeted by jeers and catcalls. Then they moved on to the site and tried to persuade the workmen to lay down their tools. When they were asked to move off, they refused. When the R.A.F. guards advanced to carry them back to the road, they simply sat down. I asked April Carter why she did it. "We sat down," she said, "to make other people sit up."

In postwar Britain, people seem to take to this form of resistance to authority more readily than ever before. The "squatters" who refused to leave the homes they were illegally occupying at the end of the war were passive resisters. Parades, petitions and protest meetings were organized against rearming Germany.

The London Transport passengers, who sat tight in their tube trains when ordered to change a few months ago were perhaps the most passive resisters of all time. They were simply fed up, and wanted to show it. But the campaign against nuclear war has called out the most vigorous resisters. Their method is dramatic and clamorous demonstration and, if necessary, civil disobedience — in plain language defiance of the law.

Authority is usually tolerant of passive resisters, and tries not to make martyrs of them. The first time the demonstrators appeared at Swaffham, they were not even charged. The police told them to go away, and not to come back. When they returned, they were ordered to move along, and refused. Anyone who refuses to comply with the legitimate request of a policeman is guilty of obstructing the officer.

There are various statutes which deal with those who obstruct the police, but the offenders are usually charged under the Prevention of Crime Amendment Act, 1885, which provides for a maximum fine of £5 or up to two months' imprisonment if the fine is not paid.

The Swaffham demonstrators were charged under this Act, and sentenced to enter into recognizances to keep the peace and be of good behaviour. Those who refused to do so were sent to prison for two weeks. They *could* have got six months—not for obstructing the police but for failing to enter into the recognizances.

If the authorities decided to get tough with demonstrators who break the law, they could bring against them a charge of conspiracy, alleging that two or more of them had agreed to act unlawfully. So serious is this charge that, on conviction, there is no limit to the amount of the fine or the length of the prison term which could be imposed, provided that it is "not inordinate."

Heavy punishment

This mighty sledgehammer of the law is not one which an intelligent authority is likely to use if it can be avoided, but it does mean that a passive resister who breaks the law is liable—in theory at least—to almost unlimited punishment.

How much passive resisters achieve in return for the risks they run is impossible to assess. The squatters were soon out of their unauthorized accommodation. Germany was rearmed.

The sit-down strikers in the tubes, on the other hand, do seem to have got results. The trains may not run any faster, the new rolling stock may not arrive any sooner. But loudspeakers in numerous stations have burst into noisy life, to explain to the passenger the reasons for any delays which may occur. He has made his point.

It may be that the more passive the resistance, the more results it achieves. There was one effective, and extremely passive piece of resistance by housewives who quietly stopped buying beef when prices rocketed upwards last year.

A strike at Smithfield, followed by a dock strike had made supplies short just at a time when the price of Argentine beef was increasing. Rump steak cost ten shillings or more a pound.

Then the rise stopped. Butchers say it was merely the operation of the ancient laws of supply and demand, but there was more to it than that. It was not that housewives could not afford the prices. They refused to pay them. While making a special study of passive resistance, I have talked to a great many of them. There was no organized movement, but a massive, passive resistance to an unwarranted increase in prices. And it worked. The price of beef came down.

I asked the Reverend Michael Scott, spiritual leader of the Swaffham demonstrators who went to jail, how much he thought he was influencing opinion. His answer was to bring out of a drawer a bundle of telegrams and letters, all addressed to him in prison, probably making up one of the most unusual postbags ever delivered to one of Her Majesty's jails. Altogether the demonstrators received nearly a thousand of these messages, most of them from complete strangers.

Significantly, perhaps, the demonstrators found that on the whole the people of Swaffham were unfriendly to them, although outside Norfolk they have met no hostility. These facts make it appear that people are more sympathetic to passive resistance the farther it is from their own doorstep.

Certainly, the demonstrators rely very largely on the publicity they get by breaking the law, in contrast to the scant attention paid to more time-honoured methods of campaigning, such as lobbying Members of Parliament. "We do use those methods," Scott told me, "but when there is no political party, and not even any group of M.P.s within a party who are wholeheartedly prepared to support your aims, then you may have to do more."

So the Aldermaston marchers and the rest of the passive resisters set out to do more, varying their methods—but following always the dictum of Sam Goldwyn, who said there is no such thing as bad publicity. THE END

The Thousand Islands Snatch

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

PAXTON watched the big motor cruiser Shearwater glide past on the broad St. Lawrence river. He said: "Harrison's got the wheel. . . . There's the girl in the cockpit. . . . Looks like we're in business."

The business was kidnapping—and it went off without a hitch. Except that, as well as wealthy John Harper Harrison's wilful daughter Ellen, they had to take her boy friend too. But the boy friend—a mild-mannered young scientist named Greg Perring—was not the type to give trouble. And if he did, Paxton's two followers, Dino and Curly Bates, would take care of him.

Now Greg and Ellen were being held prisoner in an empty house on one of the many small islands in the St. Lawrence, 150 miles away. Paxton felt secure. Even if Joaquin, his contact on board the Harrison yacht, broke under police questioning, he had not been told where the hideaway was.

The gang leader read out the ransom note he was going to send to Ellen's father—the note that demanded half a million dollars for the girl's return.

"Short and sweet," Dino said. "When will you send it, Pax?"

"Two or three days," Paxton said. "We'll let him sweat first. . . ."

This was a trap that would catch any man. After all, it was baited with Ellen . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

JOHN HARPER HARRISON faced the policeman across the broad table in Shearwater's main cabin. He was not the man he had been a week earlier; he seemed to have shrunk—in stature, in confidence, and in strength.

It had been, for him, a horrible week, the worst he could ever remember; the finding of the abandoned boat three miles up the lake had posed fearful questions, and a yet more fearful uncertainty. Anything might have happened, from a drowning to an elopement.

But now he had the answer, perhaps the worst answer of all the ones he had imagined; it lay on the table between himself and the local police-sergeant, the letter which said:

"We have your girl. She is still alive. We will tell you what do do."

"Postmark Montreal," said the police-sergeant, presently. He was a quiet man, a slow talking French-Canadian who had spent a lot of time with John Harper Harrison during the past week; the latter, used to a more forceful, higher-pressure version of the arm of the law, had found him vaguely irritating. The guy needed a shot in the arm, or maybe a bomb under his desk. . . . "That doesn't help much."

"Well, it's a start," said Harrison. A week ago he would have been striding about, banging the table, telephoning, making the biggest possible scene. Now he sat still, unhappy and afraid. "What's the next move?"

"We examine this," answered the sergeant after a pause. He pointed to the letter. "I will submit it to the Bureau. Then we look for suspicious characters in the area."

"But she may be hundreds of miles away, probably in the States," objected Harrison. "This should go to the F.B.I. straight away."

"A crime committed on Canadian soil——" began the sergeant.

"To hell with the protocol!" said Harrison, in something like his old manner. "I want my girl back; I want this to be handled properly." He caught the policeman's eye. "Look, I know you'll do your best—but this is a kidnapping. It's a federal offence, or whatever you'd call it here."

"A Criminal Code offence, applicable to all the provinces," said the policeman formally.

"Well then, what about it? Can't you call in the F.B.I.? What's the set-up here?"

"We have the local police, here at Dorval. We have the Quebec Provincial Police, of whom I am one. And we have the R.C.M.P."

"The Mounties?" inquired Harrison doubtfully. "Red Coats? Horses? We could use something a bit more up to date."

On the policeman's face, provincial pride struggled with national honour. "You will find," he said at length, "the R.C.M.P. are sufficiently modern."

"And they cover the whole country like the F.B.I.?"

"Yes."

"Okay. Call them in."

"The provincial police——"

"Look," said Harrison again, "I want all the help I can get. And I want proper advice—whether to tell the newspapers, whether to pay up when these gangsters ask for it, whether we want to set a trap for them. Most of all, I want my daughter back. If it costs a million dollars, it costs a million dollars."

"That is a huge sum."

"I haven't another daughter," said Harrison. "And I'm quite sure they know it. . . ."

WHEN the R.C.M.P. sergeant arrived, a tough and trim figure in brown instead of the expected scarlet ("That's mostly ceremonial," he said in explanation), he came straight to the point.

"Firstly, Mr. Harrison," he said, "I suggest that you don't tell the newspapers about this letter right now. There may be a time for that later, but at this point we want to do our planning under cover. I take it that you'll co-operate."

"Sure, I'll co-operate."

"I mean," said the sergeant, giving him a close look, "you'll do what we suggest, and no more. If you've got any ideas about paying up without telling us, better let me know now. Then we don't get the wires crossed."

"I want my daughter back."

"Sure. We want her back just as much, but we want to catch these birds as well. If you try to handle it in a different way from us, without telling us, someone will get hurt."

"You mean Ellen?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I'll work with you."

"I'd like that to be a promise, sir."

John Harper Harrison looked at him, ready to flare up. But the sergeant was not an impressionable sort of man. "You have my word," he said at last.

"Thank you, Mr. Harrison. . . . Now then, this young man she's with"—he looked at his notebook—"Greg Perring. What do you know about him? Is it conceivable that he could be one of the gang?"

Harrison shook his head. "I hadn't thought of it, which is probably the best answer I could give you. No, he's a decent young chap. I'd trust him. He's a research scientist with Baker Steel."

"What sort of work?"

"I gather it's classified. Wouldn't that mean you'd have a security check on him somewhere?"

The sergeant nodded, and made a note. "That simplifies things. . . . Who else have you got on board here?"

"Skipper and engineer. They've both been with me more than five years. I'd trust them too. And Joe—he's the steward. Joaquin something, his real name is. He's new this year."

"What's he like? I'm asking this because these people obviously knew your daughter's movements, and the boat's movements as well. They couldn't do all that just by watching—a boat is too mobile. They're likely to have a contact on board, or in your office, if you keep in touch there."

"I keep in touch," said Harrison ironically. "Well, he's just Joe. A Mexican. Good boy. A bit shifty—but maybe that's my prejudice." He frowned suddenly. "You know, you might have something there. He's asked a couple of times when we were due to sail—that sort of thing. Said he had to buy stores—which is true. But now I think of it——"

"Let's take a look at Joe," said the R.C.M.P. sergeant. . . .

IT was a model cross-examination; concise, subtle, not unduly prolonged, but with just enough menace in it to hammer Joaquin Barzan right into the ground. He was a terrified man to start with—that much was evident, and it gave the sergeant the start he needed. Within a few moments he had established, without any room for contradiction, any possibility of doubt, that Joaquin Barzan was in the biggest mess of his life. The rest was easy.

"Penalty for kidnapping, life imprisonment," said the R.C.M.P. sergeant, ice in his voice, towards the end. "Penalty for conspiracy to kidnap, or acting as an accessory before or after the fact, the same. . . . Come on Joe—they've left you holding the baby, and you'll wind up in jail with the kid in your arms. Do you think they're going to send you your cut? You'll never hear from them again. How much did they promise you?"

Joaquin Barzan stared ahead of him, miserable and afraid. It was true what the policeman said. Paxton and Dino and Curly treated him like dirt, and now they were far away, and he would never get a penny from all this trouble. They had tricked him, and this policeman knew everything.

He swallowed, and in swallowing gulped down bitter defeat as well. But he could still show them.

"They promise fifty thousand dollar," he whispered.

John Harper Harrison jumped to his

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

As the big Italian loomed over Ellen she did exactly what Greg had told her. She screamed . . .

continued from previous page

feet, his fist clenched. "You dirty double-crossing son of a——"

The sergeant held up a commanding hand. "Just a minute, sir. He's all that, and more, but in a thing like this time is important." He stood up, towering over a trembling Joe. "All right—let's have it. Where are they?"

Joe swallowed again. "You'll let me go?"

"Talk first," said the sergeant. "I'm making no promises at all."

"Thousand Islands," said Joe.

"Whereabouts in the Thousand Islands?"

"I don't know," said Joe—and he sounded truthful. "One of them, I guess. They didn't tell me which."

"But it's a house on one of the islands?"

"It's a house, yes."

John Harper Harrison said: "Well, that narrows it down a bit."

"It narrows it down," said the R.C.M.P. sergeant, "to the Thousand Islands. And that's not so hot as a label, either. At the last count there were seventeen hundred of them."

Ten days in the shuttered, curtained house had taken toll of all the five people imprisoned there. Between captives and captors, indeed, the line of demarcation was as thin as a nerve-string.

They were tied to each other by fear and hatred. Not one of the five was free from the peril of making a single false step.

ELLEN was mutinous, but she dared not go too far; she vented her discontent only upon Greg Perring, charging him with cowardice, indecision, ineptitude. To all her complaints, he would answer: "Wait, honey—something is bound to happen."

Paxton, who had planned this thing meticulously and warily, had not realized how difficult it would be to keep his team together. Curly Bates was dependable, but he was jittery. He quarrelled incessantly with Dino—Dino the indolent and complacent, who felt himself above routine work but who, seeking an outlet for his energies, began to give them trouble of a special sort.

It was a point which Greg made to Ellen, late one night when they were reviewing their situation. Their moods, dictated by her, varied from day to day; sometimes the two of them were divided by silence, sitting mute and apart in their locked room. Sometimes they clung to each other in a loving, simple hunger for comfort.

"Those three are all so different," said Greg on this occasion. "Paxton is a real lone wolf, cunning and stone-cold. Dino is just the opposite—a gorilla, a coarse sensual animal. Poor old Curly is a sort of old-maid office-boy around the place. I don't know how he got into this act, but I'll bet he's sorry now. He's the weak point in the trio."

Ellen tossed back her hair irritably. "All right—so they're all different. Where does that get us?"

Greg grinned, ruefully. "Sorry, honey. This is just the egghead approach. But since they're so different, they're bound to disagree. Perhaps they might quarrel, seriously. It's really our only hope."

"But is that all we're going to do—just wait and see what happens?"

Greg said, almost to himself: "Of course, we might help it along a bit."

The next time Curly Bates brought up their food, Greg told him: "I want to see Paxton."

Curly sniffed. "What about?"

"I don't like the way Dino's always hanging about this room, unlocking the door and looking in all the time."

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," answered Greg. "Let me speak to Paxton."

"You won't get much change out of him."

But Curly must have spoken to Paxton, perhaps with some spirit, because he came upstairs within half an hour.

"What's this about Dino?" he demanded. He stood in the doorway, a tall figure, remote, dangerous. "What are you beefing about?"

"The idea is kidnapping, isn't it?" said Greg. He spoke in very measured tones, as if reviewing a friend's problem in a helpful spirit. "Miss Harrison's father will pay up, and she'll be able to go home?"

"That's the general idea."

"Is it Dino's idea too?"

"What do you mean? I'm dealing this hand."

"We see a lot of Dino," said Greg. "Too much. He's always in and out of here. He seems to take a special interest in Miss Harrison."

"So what?"

"How does that fit in with your plans? Or don't you care what happens to her?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Greg looked at him. "If that Italian Peeping Tom has his way, he's going to complicate things. Or was it your idea? Was that to be part of his cut?"

Paxton stared back at him, ice-cold, half way to anger. "I don't operate that way. No one here operates that way. We had to rough you up a little—it was a pleasure, as Dino would say. I don't like snotty kids any more than he does. But as far as the girl is concerned. . . ."

His voice trailed off, and Greg said very quietly: "It would bear watching. . . ."

Dino played into their hands. Perhaps he was ordained by fate to do so. Twice during the next day he unlocked the door of their room and stood talking, or staring at Ellen. Each time Greg waited a few moments, and then called out in an urgent voice to Paxton or Curly, and Paxton shouted an order from the room below, and Dino shuffled out, angry and humiliated.

Then it happened the third time, and the third time was the last time.

This time he was drunk. Ellen was lying on her bed, ignoring him, reading an old newspaper. Presently Dino said: "You very pretty girl."

"Cut it out, Dino," said Greg, rather more loudly than necessary.

"Shut your trap," returned Dino angrily. "You get in my hair, I cut you up good."

"Leave the girl alone," said Greg, again raising his voice.

"I no touch the girl," said Dino. He sidled forward, his feet slurring on the rough boards, until he was standing over the bed, rocking slightly.

Ellen, not looking at him, only half attending, was startled to hear Greg say, in a low violent whisper: "Scream. Top of your lungs!"

It was a very creditable scream; it rang through the old house, stirring the rafters. Dino fell back, foolish and astonished. Swift footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Paxton appeared at the doorway, shouldering his way past Dino.

"What goes on?" he demanded.

GREG was on his feet, pointing at Dino, simulating an extreme horrified anger. "This filthy gorilla! He tried to—my God, don't you know what's going on around here? Get him out of here."

Paxton swung round. "What's going on, Dino? Didn't I tell you——"

"I no do nothing," said Dino stupidly. He backed away, out of the doorway. Then he seemed to pull himself together, and he stepped forward again, facing Paxton, his face sulky and determined. "I talk to her if I want."

"You leave her alone," said Paxton, in a quick furious temper. "I've told you, you'll spoil everything, you dirty——"

Instead of finishing the sentence, he raised both of his hands, and pushed Dino in the chest. It was meant to propel Dino out of the room again, but Paxton was tense and on edge, and Dino was tottering drunk, and the push was decisive. Dino staggered back, hit the low balcony rail, and toppled over. He fell ten feet in a curving arc, and landed with a horrible cracking crunch on the tiled hallway below. The angle at which his head took the floor

continued on page 26

Now I'm in

Top players are bribed and designs stolen — all to get you to dress up for tennis

by ANGELA BUXTON

HERE'S THE GIRL WHO STARTED IT ALL . . .

"Gorgeous" Gussie Moran. In 1949 the lace on her panties shocked Wimbledon. Now tennis frills are a common sight

Wimbledon champion Althea Gibson models an outfit for designer Angela Buxton (right)

the Wimbledon pantie game

I FIRST discovered just how fierce the tennis outfit war can be one sunny day last June. Although I had almost always made my own tennis clothes, I had been a professional designer for only a few months, and my first few garments were ready for showing. For me it was a big moment.

As it was shortly before the Wimbledon championships, I asked two of the contenders for the women's title to model the outfits for me.

One of them was Althea Gibson, an old friend and the reigning champion, who, incidentally, kept her title a few

weeks later. The other was Maria Bueno, a colourful player from South America who was visiting Wimbledon for the first time. They were playing a series of tournaments together as doubles partners and were ideal models, both being tall and slim.

In Manchester, where they were playing, we discussed the sketches and materials to be used. No money was involved. I would give them the clothes, and they would wear my outfits when they appeared together.

This was normal practice. I knew, of course, that other designers would also have given them clothes, so there was no point in trying to talk them into wearing my outfits all the time. In previous years, before an arm injury put me out of the running for the championship, I had been lavishly supplied by competing designers. I refused no offers, and as a result have a cupboard full of tennis clothes.

'He's angry, Angela'

Now I was on the other side of the fence, trying to give my outfits away.

Final fittings were to be made three days before the showing, at a garden party to which we had all been invited. As soon as I saw Maria's face, I knew that something was wrong. In her broken English, she explained: "I cannot wear your clothes, Angela. He angry with me."

She pointed to another designer who stood nearby. He had supplied her with some of her outfits and was now insisting that she wear nothing but his clothes while playing in England. Nothing I could say would make her change her mind. She seemed far too scared to face up to my rival.

Later, after I had persuaded another girl to step into the breach and take Maria's place, I realized that it would be a good plan to make my mark on the younger generation of players, so that when they reached the top they would be used to wearing my outfits.

This competition over who-shall-wear-what started in about 1952 and has become hotter each year. I remember watching Wimbledon in 1951 and seeing a man play in an ordinary day shirt, with half of it hanging out at the back and the long sleeves rolled up. You would be unlikely to see that at Wimbledon today, because since then the tennis shirt has been exploited. A number of models, especially styled for the game, are now on the market.

The designers and manufacturers of them, of course, are out to impress you, the cash customers in the shops all over the country. In this, the prestige and publicity of having their clothes worn by the top players are a great help. They sometimes go to extraordinary lengths to gain them.

Not all of the clothes lavished on the star players are really intended for match play. I remember that at the Hurlingham Garden Party last year, an occasion for frillies, fashion and photographers rather than for serious tennis, Karol Fageros walked into the cloakroom where I was changing with a crowd of other girls. She began to undress.

Gradually, the chatter and the laughter died away and, in dead silence, she donned a balloon-like garment whose only resemblance to a tennis outfit was that it was white. She looked at herself in the mirror for a while and then said in her lazy Florida drawl, "Well, I guess it does look a little unusual"—a masterpiece of understatement.

That evening I met her in a cinema and we had a good laugh about it. She confessed that she would never dream of trying to play in it but had worn it purely for the publicity.

For the players, it is all rather fun. Sometimes, though, a dress which is meant to be played in can be disastrous. Until 1953, I had always designed and made my own outfits, but that year I was persuaded to accept a tennis dress from one of the leading designers. It was one of the prettiest I had ever seen, but, in spite of my protests, the bodice was skin tight. When I played in it for the first time at the Bournemouth hard court championships, I could hardly breathe, let alone move freely. I lost 6-0, 6-0 in the first round and, in a furious temper, ripped the bodice from the skirt when I reached home.

Like any clothes for active wear, tennis outfits must be comfortable.

If it is possible to incorporate eye-catching touches without ruining the comfort of the garment, so much the better, but they won't save the player from looking terrible on the court if the basic design is wrong. Blouses and shirts, for example, must not be too short, otherwise they will ride up during play and look untidy, as well

England star Shirley Bloomer models a dress in shocking pink

Karol Fageros—"I guess it is a little unusual," she said

as being horribly distracting for the player.

Most people remember Karol Fageros's famous Wimbledon gold panties, which were banned by the all-England officials. They reminded me of an occasion a few years ago when Lorna Cornell wore a Wimbledon outfit trimmed with gold studs. After wearing it once, she was asked not to do so at Wimbledon again, because the gold glittered in the sunshine, said officials. Lorna compromised by painting her gold studs white.

Designer's dream

She was a designer's dream among tennis players, who are usually too muscular to show an outfit to the best advantage. Besides being tall and slim and elegantly shaped, she was a professional model with a delightful personality, and she probably needed little persuading to try that stunt. But now, other top players have to be coaxed by methods which come close to bribery.

There is, for example, the money voucher system. Money vouchers are slips of paper usually presented to a player with a trophy or for reaching the final stages of a tournament. They may be worth anything from 10s. to £5—seldom more. They can be handed to a retailer in lieu of cash to buy anything that is *not* a necessity—whatever that may mean. You are not supposed to spend them on food or ordinary clothing, but they can be used to buy tennis outfits. In the past, I have spent vouchers on such things as a sewing machine, a jewel box, a music case and a tennis hold-all.

These vouchers are also handed out by designers to players to whom they feel indebted, perhaps for trying out a pair of shorts in an important match and then coming back with some ideas on styling.

But one designer became notorious for later exchanging the vouchers for cash. This is against the rules, but both player and designer were on safe ground. If there were any inquiry, it could always be said that the player had spent his vouchers on the designer's own outfits. What is more, he would have the clothes to prove it—the shorts he was originally given.

I knew all about the height-of-the-season scramble for prestige and publicity by dressing the stars long before I became a professional designer. What I had to learn was that the battle extends into the workrooms and shops—and hardly ever ceases. The designs to be worn one year are evolved the previous summer.

One morning last winter, I was sitting with Brian Gardner, the London representative of the firm which markets my designs, in the waiting-room at one of the big stores. While we were talking, I took out my design folder and spread it on my knees to discuss one or two points. As I opened it, a little man sitting nearby moved closer and leaned over to have a good look. Gardner immediately motioned to me to put the book away, but, instead, I turned to the man and said in what I hoped was a withering tone: "Excuse me, but these are my own private sketches." He didn't bat an eyelid, but continued to stare at the pages, obviously trying to absorb as much as he could. I hastily closed the folder, and have never since brought it out when rivals might be around.

The uncanny thing was that the man said not a word from beginning to end.

With an eye on the cash customer, the designer has to try to evolve an outfit which will not only be attractive to look at and practical to play in but will also be good value for money. He must also keep a close eye on fashion trends in everyday wear, for these greatly influence the ordinary player's choice.

In recent years, when Paris decreed that skirts should be shorter, tennis dresses have become noticeably brief—too short for elegant playing, many people think. To meet this, I have put out this spring a set of matching petticoat and briefs—which would have been laughed at a few years ago.

A really good design which meets all

Beverley Baker Fleitz wore this ballerina-style dress in 1951

the playing requirements and is stylish at the same time is hard to achieve, and sometimes, when they have done it, designers become over-enthusiastic. I remember the 1955 Wimbledon, when a lot of publicity had been given to cute little Melita Ramirez, the first player from Mexico ever to appear at Wimbledon. Almost as much attention had been paid that year to Beth Ruthin, then known as the "Australian Gorgeous Gussie."

They happened to be drawn to meet in the first round and I can still picture them walking on to the well-packed Number Two court for the opening match, both blushing furiously.

Through some mistake, or an excess of keenness, they had been given identical dresses to wear. Almost the only way of telling them apart was the colour of Melita's skin. THE END

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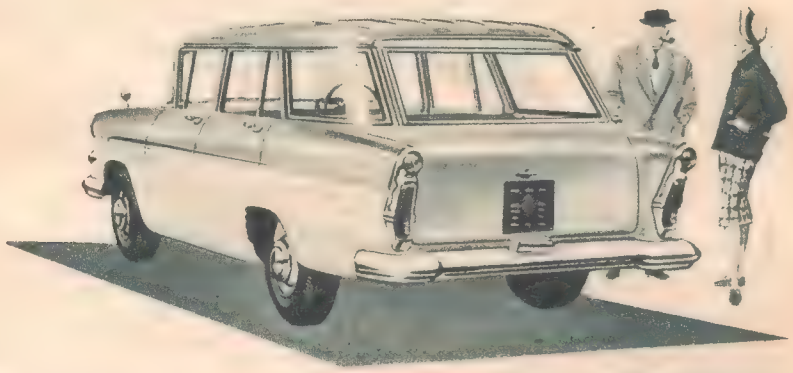

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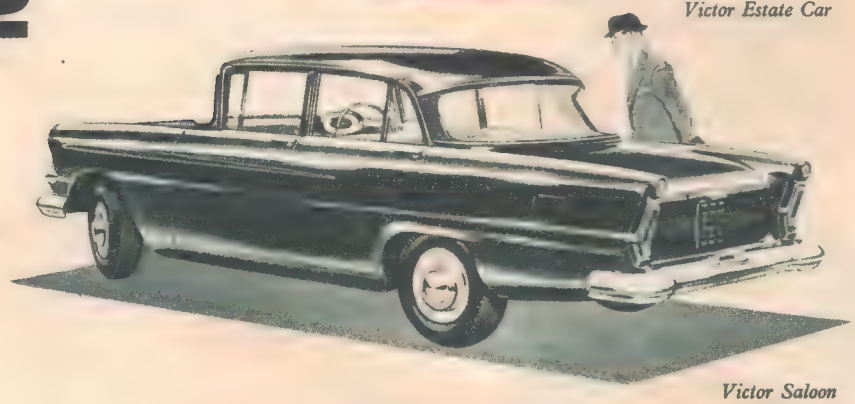

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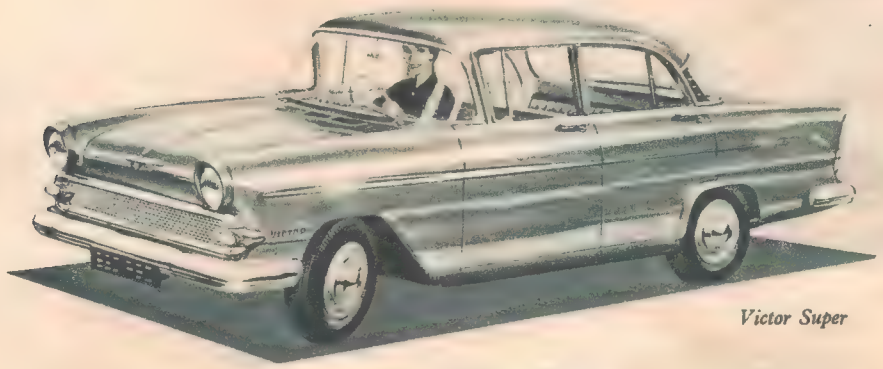

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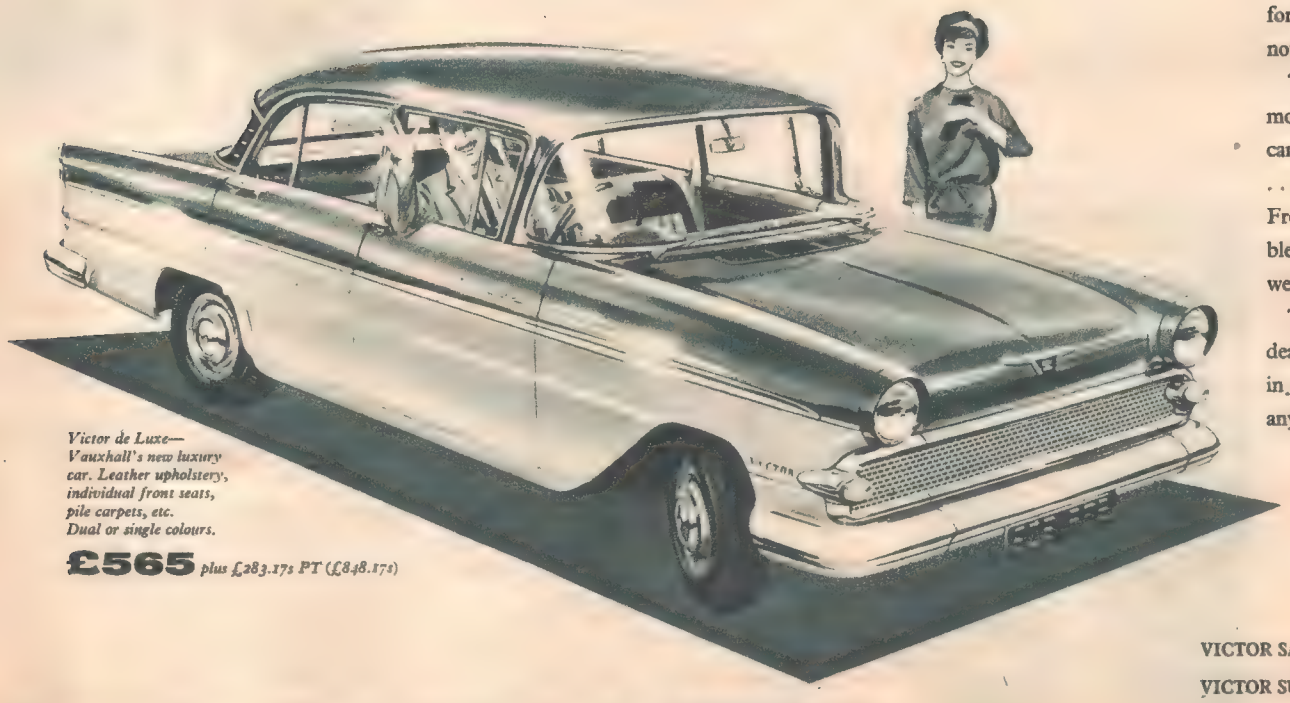

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Everyone drives better in a Vauxhall

CURTAIN UP

by ROGER SMITHELLS

New curtains and pelmets give windows a dressed-up look for spring

WINDOWS are becoming more and more important in the planning of modern homes. The newest houses often have huge ones extending right across one wall of the room. Some older houses also have extremely attractive, well proportioned windows. But even those that are ugly or oddly shaped offer a stimulating challenge in window treatment and can be played up with clever dressing and imaginative pelmets, curtains and nets (usually known, in the trade, as "glass curtains").

Lately there has been something of a trend to do away with pelmets but this has not proved very popular. There is so often a definite need for a pelmet to give a softer and more dressed-up look to an otherwise stark window.

You don't have to stick to the simple gathered pelmet—if you are at all experienced you can try a gracefully draped or a straight tailored one. A tailored pelmet is mounted on a stiff buckram base and blends very well with modern furnishings.

Draped and festooned pelmets are all made on the same basic principle: a series of swags, finishing at each end with a tail. Some of the variations are explained in detail on page 22 overleaf, but you can adapt hundreds more versions for yourself.

Keep it in scale

The main point to consider about a pelmet is its proportion in relation to the window. Roughly the pelmet should be between ⅛th-¼th the depth of the window. A shallow pelmet will make a room look higher, a deeper one will make the ceiling appear lower. If the pelmet is too deep it will "dwarf" the window and look ugly and top heavy. Choose good quality lining and buckram when you make your pelmet. Pelmets occupy an exposed position, and are subjected to frost and and damp in the winter and fading sun in the summer. Poor quality materials will not last, and it is false economy to buy them.

For windows where a pelmet is not suitable but which require some sort of dressing, the "valance" is the most satisfactory answer. This can vary from a mere frill to a more complicated affair with pinch-pleats or gauging. Nowadays you can buy special Rufflette tape and hooks to achieve the different effects easily.

When buying material for your new curtains you must decide whether you want to stick to the present furnishing scheme of the room or whether you intend altering your whole scheme of decoration. If you simply want new curtains then you must consider the rest of the fabrics already in use. For example, if the furniture is covered in

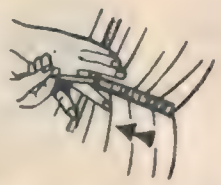
This elegant curtain and pelmet links two small windows together, giving them importance. To make pelmet, see bedroom one overleaf

Pretty Pelmets

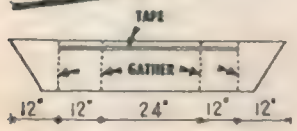
—how to make them

A pelmet which is higher than the window by its own depth dramatizes a medium sized window. The vertical motif of the curtains is used horizontally in the pelmet, and the scallop cut to fit the design

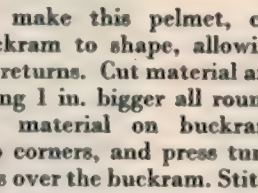
Try making these pelmets to give your window a new look. Once you have mastered the basic principles you can make any number of variations of your own



This festoon pelmet is a very good choice for a bay window, but should only be made of soft materials, such as velvet, taffeta, satin or chintz. Take a piece of material the width of the window allowing for returns, and three times the depth of the finished size required. Hem it at top and bottom, then sew Rufflette tape across the top, one inch from the edge. Mark out the pelmet into equal sections of approximately 12 in. along its length. Sew on Rufflette tape from bottom to top, leaving strings free at the top to gather up the pelmet



This scarf pelmet for a small window is made as follows: Measure the width of the pelmet board, and cut material to allow 12 in. extra at each end for tail. Cut a piece of tape the length of the pelmet board, and stitch to pelmet ½ in. from top, leaving tail sections free. Divide taped section into three parts, as shown. Then stitch tape from top to bottom on these markings, and pull up for gathers. Finish with ¾ in. cord round gathers section to hide stitches, and fasten at back



To make this pelmet, cut buckram to shape, allowing for returns. Cut material and lining 1 in. bigger all round, lay material on buckram, clip corners, and press turnings over the buckram. Stitch lining ¼ in. from edge. Trim edges and swirls with braid

For this bell pelmet, cut material the width of the window, plus an extra 8-9 in. for each bell. Stitch tape along top ½ in. from edge. Cut scoop shapes in bottom edge 8-9 in. across and cut strings in tape correspondingly at the top. Gather up the bells, and tie the strings. Catch lower points of bell together for a neat finish

This fancy draped pelmet would look enchanting in a bedroom, made of a soft, gauzy fabric. Cut the fabric on the wrong side, together with the lining in the shape shown in the diagram. Stitch lining and fabric together top and bottom, ½ in. from edge and turn out on right sides. Leave serrated edges raw. Fold A to B, B to C, and join all pleats together. Take the pleating on top of the pelmet board. Trim the lower edge with chintz frilling. Make bows out of strips of material, and nail on to points of drapes as shown in the diagram

damask or brocatelle, rough curtains will look out of place. Keep to a plain satin, velour or simple chintz. This does not necessarily mean that you must avoid choosing anything with a modern design, as most periods will mix happily if they are carefully chosen and carefully collected. Your main problem will be to see that the new curtains do not "kill" the rest of the room and make carpets and furniture look dull and shabby by contrast.

One of the newest ideas is to use a striking-patterned material for curtains that not only cover the windows but also cover the wall space at either side of the windows. Thus when they are drawn the whole of that wall is covered. This is a particularly effective treatment when the other three walls are painted in a plain colour by contrast.

Net curtains and 'sheers'

Although heavy curtains and pelmets are the most important factors of window treatment and need the greatest care both in choice and making up to enhance the room and the window, don't neglect the glass curtains. Have a look at the ideas on p.23.

Light and airy 'sheers' can fill the dual rôle of glass curtains and heavier drapes in summer. There are sheer linens, some daintily printed with a leaf design, some trimmed with coarse heavy drawn-thread work. These can be hung as side drapes with Terylene net glass curtains of the same colour near the window. A charming variation of the same theme is to use brilliant coloured fishermen's net curtains on the outside with glass curtains of very fine net in a much paler shade, or white.

TIPS

1 Take great care not to cut curtain material against the weave or it will hang badly. If you haven't a large table, cut the material on the floor and see that it is smoothed out flat.

2 Curtain material is usually forty-eight inches to fifty inches wide, with the exception of chintz, which is only thirty-one inches. Always allow one and three-quarter to double the width of the window. You can reckon that you need about nine inches extra per curtain: three inches for hem at bottom, and five inches at top for heading plus an inch to spare for top and bottom turnings.

3 For a gathered valance allow an additional three-quarters material in width. When trimming a valance or pelmet take care the fabric is heavy enough to be trimmed without puckering.

4 Cross-over net curtains require each curtain to be three times the width of each window.

5 It is false economy to use anything except good buckram as a base for the pelmet otherwise it will buckle.

6 Curtains of fairly heavy material hang better if weighted at the hem.

7 The lining for the curtain is an important part of window dressing. It protects the material; keeps draughts out; also makes the curtain hang better.

8 Coloured linings to match fabric make curtains appear much thicker.

9 Unlined chintz curtains look very pretty when the centre edge is trimmed with chintz frilling. This can be bought by the yard for approximately 1/11d. a yard, and can also edge the valance for a light window treatment.

10 On windows with venetian blinds, hang "dress" curtains at the sides. These do not draw across, can be quite narrow, and should have melon shaped tie-backs of the same fabric, or cords.

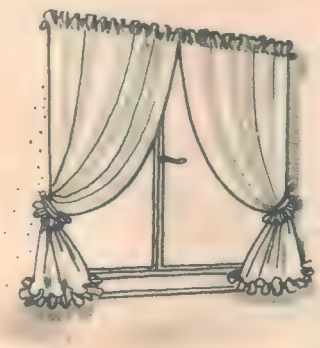
ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

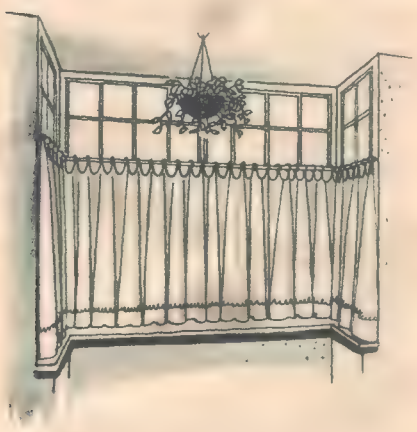
with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

Nets and Sheers

Filmy, gauzy curtains in your windows make the most of daylight, and keep your home private. Modern materials are easy to keep fresh: need no ironing. You can make the curtains yourself or buy them ready-made

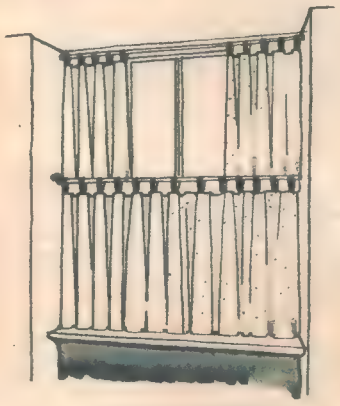
Ready-made Supalon curtains of Terylene net keep their shape and colour, and are easy to launder. Buy them ready trimmed—all you have to do is thread a curtain rod through the slot provided. It resists damp, smog and strong sunlight. In many patterns and lengths from 18 in. to 90 in. Prices from 5s. 6d. a yard. Write for details to Supalon, 238 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

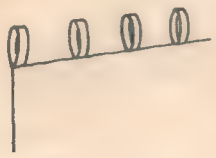




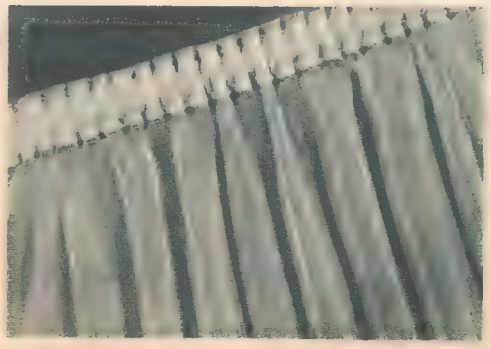
To make café curtains, choose plain coloured voile, gingham, organdie or silk gauze. Allow twice the width of the window. Hem down both sides. Make a cardboard pattern of a scallop measuring 4 in. from one point to the next. Turn material at top of curtain, right sides together, tack, mark line of scallops. Machine along line, and turn scalloped heading right side out. Hem and sew on rings

Another version of the café curtain idea, this time in two tiers. Again, material should be cut twice the width of the window. You could make these curtains of a slightly heavier fabric. Hem the material all round, and make flat loops out of doubled narrow strips as shown in the diagram. Stitch these to the top edge





Pocketed elastic Rufflette tape is specially made for use with net or lightweight curtains. It is 1 in. wide, and should be stitched to the top of the curtain, fully stretched. When the tape is sewn on, put a split ring through each corner, and hang the curtain from two cup hooks. Price 11½d. yd. stretched, 1s. 11d. a yd. relaxed, from haberdashers



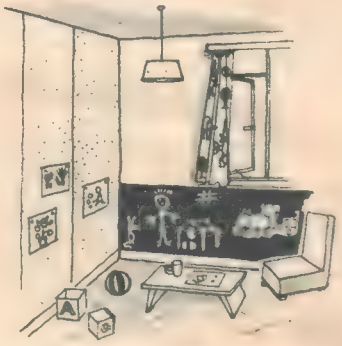
GIVE YOUR HOME THE SPRING-TIME LOOK by Roger Smithells

Ideas at home

Good ideas abound in Britannia Mews, the show house and flat furnished by *Woman's Realm* at this year's *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. To start with, the outside of the building needs little or no maintenance. The woodwork is either natural cedar, or plastic faced, so needs no painting; the gutters are plastic and therefore rustproof. Plastic also plays its part inside. Both house and flat have a new kind of plastic parquet in hall and passages, which you need not cover. Both have oil-fired central heating, frost-free plumbing, and good insulation.

Inside, the house, which has three bedrooms, is planned for a family with three young children. The two smaller children share the nursery, and sleep in bunks to save space: the older girl has a bed-sitter of her own. The flat is designed for a couple with an older boy, and solves a common family problem by providing a bed-sitter for Granny. The bed part is unobtrusive, so that she can have her friends in to tea without using the family living-room.

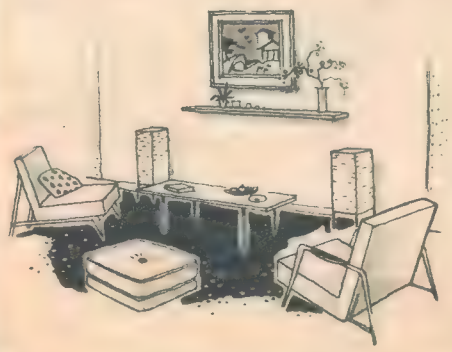
Don't miss Britannia Mews, you're sure to find some good ideas. The Exhibition opens every day except Sunday, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. until March 30.



In the house, the nursery for the small children features a large blackboard panel for them to scribble on. The wall to the left of it is entirely made of softboard, to pin up nursery art work and coloured cut-outs

In the flat, the boy's bed-sitting-room has a nautical air. The dark blue linoleum on the floor has a huge black and white compass inlaid in it, pointing in the right direction. Any child's hobby could be represented in this way

This is an ingenious idea for a house with too many pictures. A turnabout picture frame, of double thickness, has a different picture on each side. When you are tired of one, just turn it over and look at the other side. Or hang it as part of a room divider and look at both sides at once



The living-room in the flat is centrally heated, so there is no fireplace round which to group the chairs. A clever alternative is to group them round a beautiful picture—in this case a Chinese one with two giant Chinese lanterns to carry out the illusion

Flying high

continued from page 15

Court for my public examination. My liabilities were £16,363, and my assets £1,206. I was bankrupt, and had to go through all the unpleasant things that are necessary when this happens.

Believe me, it's not funny.

I was allowed, by law, to keep enough money in my pocket to return home (how I wished that I still lived in Montreal!) but the rest was taken away from me. I had to surrender my cheque book, and my bank accounts in Britain and abroad were closed. I sold my watch, my wallet and gold cuff-links.

Then, under threat of imprisonment, I had to declare my entire assets.

An official of the court was sent round to tot up the value of everything in my flat.

He went round the rooms with a notebook, listing each item. When he came to property that was mine, and not my wife's, he suggested a value for it. I was allowed to keep that property only by paying the value of it into court.

Fortunately, friends rallied round to help; I kept my home intact.

In 1956 I met a friend of mine, Warwick Charlton, whom I hadn't seen for a long time. "I'm building the Mayflower," he said. "Will you help me with the publicity?"

The result was that in September I found myself at Brixham, Devon, in charge of recording the launching. The event was fixed for 8 a.m., so that the sound and film recordings could be flown to America and broadcast the same night.

The weather couldn't have been worse; it was pouring with rain. But all the local big-wigs turned up. I had laid on a male-voice choir, and bandsmen of the Green Howards were there with instruments at the ready, about to play.

I was in the middle of my commentary, and had just reached a dramatic bit about being in the heart of rural England, the birthplace of the oak and the gallant fighting ships of yesterday, when the Green Howards struck up.

Out of the thousands of tunes in this world they *could* have chosen, they picked, of all things, a loud and long selection from *Oklahoma*.

Straight actor

On January 27, 1957, I made formal application for my discharge from bankruptcy.

The following month I became a straight actor once more and toured in *The Cardinal*, a play on the lines of Cardinal Mindszenty's life; I had an Hungarian spiv-type part.

Then in the summer, on behalf of G. & M. Air Interests, I went out to California to look at some planes I was thinking of buying.

What I had planned as a routine business trip suddenly became the craziest of expeditions when I happened to be in San Fernando Valley, near Hollywood, and called on Fleetways. This is a very interesting organization, run by Jack Ford, a friend of mine.

The day was hot—about 104 degrees—and I was dressed in my good suit when I walked into Jack's office. He was out, but the switchboard girl was talking on the phone and looking extremely worried.

"What?" I heard her say. "The plane's ready to go and the pilot hasn't got the necessary licence? What are we going to do?"

Seeing me, she put her hand over the mouthpiece and said in despair: "Can *you* fly a Catalina PBY?"

As far as she was concerned, I might have been anyone; an insurance salesman or the man from the telephone company. But I said: "Yes, I can."

To her amazement, I showed my pilot's licence. Listed among the thirty-five types of plane I can fly was a PBY. It's a very unusual aeroplane, but by chance I had flown one during the war.

Taking her hand off the mouthpiece, the girl said: "Don't worry! I'll have a new pilot with you in fifteen minutes!"

She banged the phone down, turned to me and said: "You've got a job! It's stunt work for a Twentieth Century-Fox film called *Kiss Them For Me*."

With that, she hustled me into a car.

A quarter of an hour later I reached a little dirt airfield about four miles away. Standing there was a rather derelict PBY which obviously hadn't been off the ground for years. I sought out the pilot who had been hired originally for the flight.

"What kind of plane is it?" I asked him.

"Not bad," he said. "The brakes aren't much good. The nosewheel collapsed this morning, but we've had that fixed and are now all set."

"Is there plenty of gas?" I asked the engineer.

"Five hundred gallons," he said.

So I got the plane out on the runway and opened up the engines for the take-off. We were belting along, at full speed in the dust, when I realized that we were still firmly on the ground. The end of the runway was approaching fast. Houses, high-tension wires and trees were looming towards us.

I pulled back the control column and with a silent prayer just managed to get the plane to stagger into the air, skimming the tree-tops.

At this, the engineer stuck his head round at me and said: "Hey, I told you we had five hundred gallons of gas?"

"Yes."

"Well, I made a mistake. We've got seventeen hundred—enough to go to Honolulu!"

Small wonder we could hardly get off the ground. . . .

"How about the wheels?" I asked.

"One's up; the other is half-way up, and the nose-wheel is down," said the engineer.

"Let's make an attempt to get them all down so that we can land and unload the extra gas," I said. "Haven't you ever flown in one of these things before?"

"No."

My hands were full; a PBY is a very heavy aircraft and I couldn't leave the controls to fiddle with the wheels myself.

I thought for a moment.

"Somewhere in the plane," I said, "there must be a book of instructions. Go and get it and find out."

So the engineer went searching around in the back of the Catalina and eventually found a tattered book. Thirty-five minutes later he got the wheels down.

"I've just been thinking," said the engineer. "We'll have to hurry. They're waiting for us."

"Who are?"

"Jayne Mansfield and Cary Grant. They're sitting on a raft in the middle of Los Angeles harbour, waiting for us to rescue them."

"They'll have to wait a bit longer," I said.

I made an emergency landing at a military base where there were miles of runway. High-ranking officers came rushing out in jeeps, but we produced a letter from Twentieth Century-Fox, it worked like a charm and everything was all right.

Jayne Mansfield and Cary Grant were out on the raft again the next day. One of the trick shots I had to do was to taxi across the water and take off right over the top of the cameramen's boat. The first time I tried this, the director on the boat shouted: "Why don't you get closer?"

I did the take-off again, but once more he asked me to get closer. The third attempt was still not right.

I muttered to the co-pilot: "This time I'm getting *really* close!"

I taxied back for approximately three miles. Then I headed straight for the camera boat, working up a speed of about ninety knots.

I didn't pull back the control column until the last possible second. We thundered over the boat, practically scraping the varnish off the top of the mast. Two of the cameramen dived into the sea in fright. Fifty gallons of water fell off the aeroplane's hull and drenched the director, who slipped and broke his arm.

It was then agreed that I'd gone close enough. . . .

I had a great time in Hollywood.

Attractive business offers came my way. I was offered a part in a film, invited to join a man in starting a new airline, and, most interesting of all, became involved in a scheme for setting up a film studio in Monte Carlo.

Aristotle Onassis, the Greek millionaire shipowner, with whom I'd done business in the past, was interested in financing the idea, but unfortunately, like so many projects in show business, it fell through.

After that, Jack Ford's firm, Fleetways, asked me to ferry the King of the Yemen's private aeroplane to Britain.

Working passage

I agreed; it was an ideal way of working my passage home. I went to Reading, Pennsylvania, to pick up the plane, which was an Aero Commander, the same type of twin-engined model that Mrs. Eisenhower persuaded her husband to buy. The King of the Yemen already had two planes, but this one was different in that it contained an enormous bed, upholstered in blue silk.

As soon as I saw the plane I realized that I couldn't fly it across the North Atlantic as it was. I had the bed taken out and flown to London separately. Then I put overload fuel tanks in the cabin.

The trouble was that the tanks weren't large enough for the long hop from Goose Bay, Labrador, to Iceland. I had to take on board five-gallon jerry cans full of petrol as well.

The co-pilot and I did the trip at night, flying eight hours in the dark, and taking turns to leave the controls and empty the jerry cans into the tanks.

After ninety minutes for breakfast in Iceland, we flew another five hours to Prestwick, Scotland.

Next we headed for London Airport. Normally, of course, the airport isn't open to private planes, but I know the commandant, Jimmy Jeffs, well. On the radio I pleaded with him: "Jimmy, this is the King of the Yemen's aeroplane and I'm coming to collect the bed."

He thought I was kidding, but let me land. We took out the overload tanks and reinstalled the bed—after the girls at the airport had taken turns at being photographed lying on it.

I'd have liked to have taken the plane on to the Yemen, but this had to be done by another pilot because in August I began a series of Saturday Spectaculars on TV. The celebrities I interviewed included Pouishnoff, Mrs. Gerald Legge (later to become Lady Lewisham), and the Duke of Bedford, with whom I did a sketch on stately homes.

By the following year, 1958, I had two TV shows in the Top Ten: *Double Your Money* and *The Jack Hylton Monday Show*.

The year 1958 was also a milestone for me in that I turned a huge turboprop B.O.A.C. Britannia into the world's first flying studio. We filmed a variety show for TV on a flight from London to New York.

Among my guests were Jack Hylton, Rosalina Neri, Winifred Atwell, Laurence Harvey, Donald Campbell, and an amazing little four-year-old girl named Helen Crayford. A prodigy, she sings in English and French, and can play no less than sixty-four pieces on the trumpet.

I took her on the flight because she was forbidded by law to appear in England. I reckoned that if she performed in an aeroplane at 30,000 feet, mid-way across the Atlantic, lawyers wouldn't be able to sort out the legal tangle.

I've had no come-back yet, so I assume I was right.

"All in all, last year gave me enough

Today rages a new War of the Roses:
When, and how much to prune. The old guard chooses
To cut back hard. *I'd* rather thin our weak
Branches, discard dead wood, and leave all sleek,
Long, healthy shoots to bear a crown of flower.
Cut straight, above an outward pointing bud.
Burn all the prunings. See your plants have food,
Bone meal and humus, potash too. Make sure
You've gathered up dead leaves. The Black Spot spore
Winters and thrives on these. Thrips nest and cower
Ready to creep, and caterpillars wait
Till the sap stirs, then it can be too late.
Use D.D.T. or Derris weekly now.
Keep weeds in check by working with your hoe,
Then mulch with horse manure. Rich feeding pays,
And roses make their thanks with perfumed sprays.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

variety and excitement to last a lifetime. I ferried six twin-engined Neptune aircraft from Scotland to Holland, and devised and produced *Atlantic Showboat*, a Saturday TV Spectacular filmed aboard the 25,516-ton Empress of Britain. My biggest professional achievement was appearing in the Royal Scottish Variety Performance in Glasgow, and afterwards being presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the personal side, I remember most of all my discharge from bankruptcy.

It was duly agreed that my debt would be settled if I paid £6,200 into court. When my case came up on June 18, counsel for my creditors remarked that by paying 9s. 6d. in the pound instead of my original offer of only 5s., I had almost doubled my money.

Mr. Registrar Cunliffe was kind enough to say that he was happy to see "an honourable peace."

"I will now be able to look at Mr. Green's show without feeling biased one way or the other," he added.

What really made the day for me was the trouble over the money. It had been arranged that £1,200 would be in the form of a certified cheque, and the remaining £5,000 in a bearer bond.

Early on the morning of June 18 I went to my solicitor's office in Chancery Lane and found him getting more and more anxious; the bearer bond hadn't arrived from the bank. Time ticked by, and when we were due in court in twenty minutes, he rang the bank.

"Oh," said the voice at the other end, "we thought you wanted it for the day after tomorrow!"

"I don't care what your problems are," said my solicitor. "I *must* have five thousand pounds and it *must* be here in fifteen minutes!"

The bank was immediately cleared of ready cash and £5,000 was brought round to Chancery Lane. Next, we had to get the money to the Bankruptcy Court in the neighbouring street.

My solicitor is a very upstanding man, worthy of his profession, and if I had suggested to him beforehand that it would be a wonderful publicity stunt to carry the money into court in my briefcase, he would have thrown me out of the office. But, through the mistake of the bank, that is exactly what I had to do.

When I carried the briefcase into court, put it on the table and started taking out the money, it was interesting to see the press men go running out to fetch photographers.

Their pictures of me holding the bag even appeared in papers abroad. I discovered this a week later when I flew a plane to Holland. The engineers at the airport looked at me strangely.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Now at last we know who you are," they said. "You're the man with the money."

Their remarks made me realize, more clearly than ever, what a double life I lead.

In Britain, on TV and radio, I'm Hughie Green the quizmaster, actor, compère, funny man and what-have-you.

But the moment I get into an aeroplane and take over the controls I'm Captain Green, pilot. I become another person, living a world and enjoying friendships completely different from show business.

And I'm happy to keep things that way.

THE END

© *Hughie Green, 1959*

WEDDINGS—1

When a man and woman are married their romance ceases and their history commences.

Rochebrune

THE GUINNESS POPULARITY POLL

"The same way that it gets its colour.

TODAY—DROP IN AT YOUR LOCAL FOR A GUINNESS *or take some home tonight*

Roasted Barley. The chap who keeps our local told me about it when I first took a fancy to Guinness. This roasted barley goes in during the brewing. That's why Guinness looks and tastes so different."

This is just one example of the "Natural" goodness of Guinness. It is brewed only from barley, hops, water and special pedigree yeast. That's why Guinness tastes so good. The more you drink it, the more you enjoy it. And Guinness makes you feel so good, too.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GUINNESS
—in bottles, in cans, or on draught

G.E.3163.B

HE CHEWS WILKINSON'S

WE CHOOSE WILKINSON'S

YOU SHOULD CHOOSE

Wilkinson's
PERFECTED
PONTEFRACT CAKES

SAILING
HAPPY • CAREFREE
SAILING HOLIDAYS
in **BEAUTIFUL**
SALCOMBE HARBOUR

FREE TUITION

Berths afloat and ashore.
•
Superb food.
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Good company of both sexes.
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A whole fleet of sailing craft for your unlimited use.
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Inclusive terms from £13.10.0
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BLUE WATER CHARTERS
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2–4 HOUR LACQUER
transformed my Home!
It simply flows on—dries quickly!
One coat covers—no brushmarks
Makes the whole room gay!
Ideal for all woodwork
Many colours, & furniture
¼ pt., ½ pt., Pints and Tinlets
TINLETS 1/9
WITHSTANDS BOILING WATER
Stocked by all Paint Dealers and Ironmongers

The Thousand Islands Snatch

continued from page 18

could only have meant a death sentence.

From the cellar below them came the rhythmical sound of digging—the scrape of metal on hard-packed earth, the noise of soil loosely thrown aside.

"I could listen to that for ever," said Greg Perring.

Alone of the three in the room, he seemed at ease. He sat beside Ellen; Paxton sat facing them, a gun resting in his lap. Paxton was still tense, though he tried to disguise it.

"The odds are levelling out," Greg said.

"What happens next?" said Paxton ironically.

"Your team is starting to fall apart already," Greg said. "Originally there was Dino, Curly, and you. You killed Dino for us—and don't think I'm not grateful.

"Curly is next. Curly scares easily. You've noticed it? So I'll try to scare him. You'll probably scare him yourself, accidentally, because you can't help doing it. But either way, he'll be scared.

"If you let him loose, he'll certainly break. If you keep him here, you're isolated—you can't buy as much as a pack of cigarettes unless you go yourself. And there's another ransom note to be delivered isn't there?

"You can't go yourself; because Curly can be trusted here even less than outside. Therefore Curly will have to go. That will be the last you'll see of him. That will leave *you*."

Paxton was staring at Greg, held by the calm voice.

He said: "Let's hear what you're going to do to me."

"I'll think of something," said Greg coolly. "There's a weapon to be used against every kind of animal."

Paxton swore at him, crudely and coarsely, and then pulled himself together and said in a level voice: "You annoy me, lover-boy."

"Be careful," said Greg Perring. "That might be the weapon."

When they were alone again, Ellen clung to him. "Greg, you're being wonderful. I've suddenly realized I think I'm falling in love with you all over again."

He smoothed her hair. "I'm bound to say I hadn't noticed it."

"I'm sorry. . . . I'm all mixed up. I feel so tired all of a sudden. But I do love you. What can I do to help?"

GREG answered: "Keep your nerve. This is just a chess game, a needling match. We're going to win it."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Brains," said Greg, touching her forehead, and then his own. "Brains. Man's answer to the ape." He cocked his head, towards a footstep on the stair. "That's Curly now. Time to go to work again."

"What shall I do?"

"Look sorry for him."

Curly Bates came in, carrying a tray. A revolver protruded awkwardly from his belt; it gave him an inappropriately raffish air, like a bad stage pirate who should really have been playing the comic ship's cook.

"Well, Curly," said Greg softly. "Sounds as though you've been doing a little digging?"

Curly said nothing.

"What's the matter, Curly? Aren't we friends any more? You could use a friend—the spot you're in."

Curly Bates turned, a hunted expression on his face. Then he kicked the door shut, furtively, as if concealing the action even from himself, and spoke almost in a whisper: "Pax said I wasn't to talk. . . . What do you mean, I could use a friend?"

"You've been doing a little grave-digging?" repeated Greg.

"You know damn well I have."

"How many for? One or two?"

Curly stared at him, uncomprehending. "One, of course. Poor old Dino. What are you getting at?"

"So far, one grave is enough. But that still leaves two of you."

"All the bigger share," said Curly jauntily.

"Sure. But the one that gets the biggest share," said Greg, "is the one that's left."

"Poor Curly," said Ellen.

Curly Bates started. He looked from one to the other, his eyes flickering. "Pax wouldn't do that," he whispered hoarsely. "That thing that happened to Dino was an accident. You saw it."

"I saw it happen," said Greg. "It might be that Paxton is what they call accident-prone. Accidents to other people."

"He wouldn't do that to me," said Curly again.

With perfect timing the door burst open, and Paxton stormed in. He was shaking with anger, and with something else.

"Curly!" he shouted. "You disobey orders again and I'll finish you off for good."

"I was only——" began Curly.

"Cut it out!" said Paxton, nearly screaming. "There's a boat coming—a big launch. Get these two down in the cellar. Tie them up. Gag them. Do it good, or I'll sink an axe in your head. Then come up and help me out. It may be just strangers snooping about. But we can't take chances. Now get going."

As Ellen and Greg came out on to the landing—covered by two guns, closely shepherded by their jailers—they heard for the first time the approaching snarl of a big engine. . . .

The R.C.M.P. corporal in charge of the patrol-boat prided himself on his ship-handling. He brought the powerful cruiser round in a broad swirling sweep against the swift St. Lawrence current, edging as near as the depth of water allowed to the island they were making for; and then, at the word of command, the small power-boat was launched from a ramp at the stern, and sped off towards its target.

The whole manoeuvre, conducted while the parent ship was still moving at twenty knots, was the corporal's pride and joy.

In the smaller boat, an outboard launch now making a bee-line for the island ahead, sat the R.C.M.P. sergeant who had interviewed John Harper Harrison, down at Dorval. He had been seconded for this systematic search duty, and he had been on it now for ten weary days; the island ahead was simply the next island on the list—a list compiled with the help of real-estate agents, scores of interviews with residents, and local gossip, and comprising every single property in the Thousand Islands area which had been rented to anyone during the last twelve months. The house he was now approaching was the eighty-fourth.

As a C.I.B. sergeant, he had learned in a hard school that the work was not glamorous, nor did it involve the steel-sharp application of brilliant deductive powers; it was for the most part simply eliminative leg-work.

The result so far had been a complete blank. None of the eighty-odd island houses looked anything like a criminal hide-out; and none of the people had betrayed themselves with guilt or embarrassment of the sort he was looking for.

HE was beginning to suspect that Joaquin Barzan might be wrong. The rest of his gang might have lied to him, or the hide-out might be on one of the river banks, not on an island. Or it might not be rented at all, but belong to a resident who had taken to crime.

The sergeant sighed. To the constable at the helm he said: "There must be someone at home. There's a motor-boat alongside."

Through a slim gap in the sitting-room curtains, Paxton watched the police boat approach. The sight of the two uniformed figures disturbed him, just as the launching manoeuvre—the big boat dropping the small one with such neat dispatch—had started a train of uneasy thoughts. It was a good deal too efficient for his comfort.

The last twenty-four hours had been very bad ones. Dino's death, Greg Perring's expert needling, Curly's wavering support, all had made their mark on him. He recalled Greg's crack about the team falling apart.

And now here were the police, on his own front doorstep.

As he watched, the pencil-thin shaft of sunlight coming through the curtains fell on a face deeply lined, set in a harsh mask of tension. He was ready to fight, but the battle-ground seemed to have shifted under his feet.

He turned as Curly came up behind him. "Well?" he asked brusquely.

"All done, Pax," said Curly. "They can't move. I used that insulating tape for the gags. Who is it, anyway?"

"The police."

"Cripes!" Curly was visibly shaken. "What do we do?"

"Nothing. We let them do it. We haven't anything to worry about."

"But why are they here?"

"Guess-work," said Paxton. "They'll go away again. Just give the right answers." He stared hard at Curly. "And don't try anything funny."

"You know me, Pax."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

The knock on the front door sounded very loud in the stillness. Curly said, nervously: "Why don't we just not answer?"

"The boat, stupid," said Paxton. "He knows there's someone here." He went to the door, nodded to the sergeant, and said: "Yeah?"

"Good morning, sir," said the sergeant, for the eighty-fourth time. "I'm

WEDDINGS—2

A wedding is a ceremony at which a man loses complete control of himself.

J. M. Braude

"There's English weather for you!"

making a routine check on some of the houses hereabouts. Can I come in?"

"I guess so," answered Paxton, with an ill-grace. He led the way into the curtained sitting-room.

"You must like it dark," observed the sergeant.

"We overslept."

The sergeant glanced at his watch. It was half past two. "You sure did."

Curly stepped forward from the shadows. "Hallo," he said awkwardly. "I'll let a bit of light in."

Dust fell thickly from the curtains as he drew them back. It hung inexorably in the sunlight, making the unkempt room shabbier still.

"That's better," said the sergeant. He turned to face them. "Can I have the names, for a start?"

"I'm Barber," said Paxton. It was the name in which he had rented the house. "This is Phillips."

"Been here long?"

"Couple of months."

"Canadian citizens?"

"American."

"Where did you cross the border?"

"Thousand Islands Bridge. . . . What is this, anyway?"

"We're checking the area," said the sergeant curtly. "Are you here on holiday?"

Paxton simply nodded, but Curly volunteered: "Doing a bit of fishing."

"Is that so?" asked the sergeant. "How are they running?"

"Pretty good."

"Any gold-eye?"

"A few," said Curly.

The sergeant said: "You're lucky." He glanced round the room. On the table was a litter of cups and dishes, and on one side of it a tray set for two people. "Anyone else in the house?"

"No," said Paxton.

"You're a bit behind with the washing-up," said the sergeant.

"You know how it is on holiday," said Curly ingratiatingly. "Things pile up."

"I guess so. . . . How long are you staying?"

"Month, maybe," answered Paxton.

"That's a good long holiday."

"We like it here."

"We're glad to have you," said the sergeant. He looked round the room again, listening to the absolute stillness all over the house. He had the impression that the other two were listening to it also. A board creaked somewhere, and Curly Bates began to whistle loudly and tunelessly.

"Well," said the sergeant. "That's about it. I'll get going."

"Good luck with it," said Curly.

"Thanks," answered the sergeant. Now he was almost affable; for some reason it was much less reassuring than his earlier curtness. "Same to you with the fishing. *And* the washing up. . . ."

"You crazy fool!" stormed Paxton furiously when the sergeant had gone. "What did you open the curtains for? Didn't you see the dust come off them? He must have known they hadn't been touched for days."

"It looked so funny," said Curly, "the lights on when it was daylight outside."

Paxton stared at him viciously. "It looked funnier still, the way you played it. And what was that about fishing? Why did you have to make such a production out of it?"

"I was just talking."

"I told you *not* to talk. . . . What was that fish he mentioned?"

"Search me! Gold something."

"But you said you caught it," shouted Paxton in renewed fury. "It's probably something that stays a thousand miles from here."

"Seems I can't do a thing right," said Curly sullenly.

"Damn right you can't. . . . And all that about the dishes." He mimicked, savagely: "'You know how it is. They *do* pile up' . . . What do you think you are? An old woman gabbing over the back fence?"

"Why don't you leave me alone?" said Curly, between a whine and an angry retort. "What's it matter about the dishes, anyway?"

"It matters because——" Paxton's eyes had gone round involuntarily to the table, and on the instant he stopped, drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss. "It matters more than a pinhead like you could ever guess," he said, with sudden startling venom. "Did you put that tray there?"

"Of course I put it there. I brought it down when we——"

"That's what that cop saw," said Paxton, almost to himself. "A separate tray, set for two people. . . ."

"Gee, Pax," said Curly, alarmed at his tone, "I didn't realize—I didn't think——"

Paxton's eyes came round to Curly again. There was evil hatred in them. "I could just pull a gun and plug you, here and now."

"Leave me alone," said Curly shrilly, backing away. "The kid said this would happen."

With an enormous effort of self-control, the sweat suddenly standing out on his forehead, Paxton pulled himself up. Greg Perring had been right—the team *was* falling apart, and he could not afford to let the process go a single inch further. It appalled him to think that, in blind rage, he had been about to hit Curly Bates, whip him till he was senseless, even

Robinson's

Lemon Barley and Glucose

for Refreshment and Energy — says OLD HETHERS

The Thousand Islands Snatch

continued from previous page

shoot him as he had threatened. If that had happened, he would truly have been alone, and the game would have been over.

He sat down, and momentarily covered his face with his hands. It had come down to this: Curly Bates was a hopeless fool, but Curly Bates was all he had.

After a moment, he said: "Sorry, Curly—forget it."

"Well——" said Curly uncertainly, still injured and uneasy.

"Forget it," repeated Paxton. "We've got to work this out."

"Do you really think," Curly ventured presently, "that the copper noticed anything?"

"Maybe not." Paxton wanted to believe that, with all his heart. "That tray could have been for you and me, I suppose. . . . We've got to go ahead, anyway. No sense in just sitting here. You'd better deliver the second note, like we planned."

"When?"

"Tonight. If the police are on to us, we'll find out soon enough. If we're still clear, the quicker we get this over with, the better. The longer we stay here, the more attention we attract."

"Reckon that's true."

"You better pull out tonight, as soon as it's dark. Pick up the car again, drive west to Kingston, mail the note there." He went into more details, while Curly listened; at the end he said: "It's just you and me now, Curly. I blew my top a while back. Forget it, like I said. We can pull this off if we try hard enough."

"Sure thing, Pax. . . . You think it's all right about the police?"

"Don't give it a thought." It was essential to build Curly up again. "That cop didn't look so smart. . . . Just you wait—another fortnight, and we'll be living it up in South America."

"*Ole!*" said Curly Bates, absurdly.

"That's the stuff, Curly."

Now it was night. The curtains were drawn, shutting out the world, though the wash and suck of the river round the foundations of the old house still sounded faintly.

Greg and Ellen were in the sitting-room sitting side by side on the sofa, Paxton watching them from the arm-chair opposite. But already there was a subtle difference, which he tried and failed to ignore: he was now outnumbered—they were still a team—and he was not. He was one man alone.

It might have been this sense of isolation which had prompted him to untie the other two and bring them up from the cellar.

Greg, by contrast, was in high spirits; it was as though he knew exactly what to say on all occasions, and this was one of the easiest.

"How were the police?" he asked. "Observant? Hot on the scent?"

"I wouldn't say that," answered Paxton.

"Very deceptive, the police. . . . I'm sure they noticed lots of things, and they've gone away for reinforcements. I bet poor old Curly made plenty of mistakes."

"He did not," said Paxton.

"Where is he, anyway? I miss that razor-sharp conversation."

"He's gone ashore."

Greg raised his eyebrows. "So soon? Isn't that a trifle unwise?"

"Why?" Paxton did not want to know the answer. He even feared it, but for some reason he had to talk and to listen.

"He's in such bad shape." Greg turned to Ellen. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"Terrible shape," answered Ellen, in her best social manner. "I was *so* sorry for him."

"He's all right," said Paxton.

"Oh no he's not," countered Greg. "I scared him, like I said I would. It wasn't very difficult. All I did was point out that the ranks—your ranks—were thinning out rather quickly, and he was probably next on the list. He didn't appreciate the idea at all."

Paxton smiled, without humour. "I know. He told me. He doesn't believe it now."

"I wonder. . . . I suppose you scared him too?"

"I scared him, then unscared him."

"I wonder which operation he'll remember when he's picked up."

"He won't be picked up," said Paxton curtly.

Greg sat up suddenly, his head on one side. "You'll know in a few moments, anyway."

Paxton sprang to his feet. "What do you hear?" he asked tautly. And then he heard it himself: the engine noise again, loud and clear.

Paxton's gun was in his hand. He took two quick steps to the window, and peered out through the centre gap. His hunched shoulders betrayed an extreme of tension.

Behind him, Greg's voice came mockingly: "Don't tell us, Paxton. Let us guess. I say it's not the finance company."

Paxton turned with a snarl. His face was glazed in the lamplight, and the hand holding the revolver shook.

"All right, smart boy!" he said. "That's the end of the comic strip. Now *I'm* going to enjoy myself."

Greg eyed him steadily. "Is that the police?" He made as if to rise, but Paxton waved him back.

"Stay where you are," he said. "You won't have so far to fall."

"You won't shoot me," said Greg. Beside him he felt Ellen trembling, in sudden terror, and he put his hand over hers. "So far it's only life imprisonment. That would mean hanging."

"It won't be either," said Paxton. "They won't get me."

Behind him, the window curtains suddenly lit up as bright as sunlight.

"Don't look now," said Greg. "But there's a searchlight just behind you."

"Don't Greg," begged Ellen, in a shaking voice. "He means it."

"You're damn right I mean it," said Paxton. "You've ridden me for the last time, so watch it lover-boy."

"What's the plan?" asked Greg. "You tell me yours and I'll tell you mine."

A thunderous voice from outside, over a booming loudspeaker, suddenly said: "PAXTON."

"That's you," said Greg, almost cheerfully. "They must have got Curly—and the ransom note."

PAXTON said: "Well, they haven't got me." He crossed to the light-switch, still keeping his gun trained on Greg, and put out the lights. Eerily lit from the glare through the curtains, the room subsided into shadowy twilight.

The giant voice called again: "PAXTON! COME ON OUT."

"What are you going to do?" asked Greg.

There was no answer from the dark, one-dimensional figure at the window.

"I'll tell you what you're not going to do," said Greg. "You're not going to swim for it."

"Yes, I am," said Paxton suddenly. He turned, and the dull light gleamed on the gun barrel. "I'll use you as cover till I get to the water. Then I'll plug you and take off. They can't watch the island all the way round."

"It's a plan, certainly," conceded Greg. His voice was oddly calm in the darkness. "But it won't work. They'll fish us both out of the water about twenty miles from here."

"What do you mean?"

The loudspeaker voice boomed again: "PAXTON! WALK OUT OR WE'LL COME AND GET YOU."

"Let's keep your friends waiting," said Greg, "while I explain. . . . I was born in these parts. D'you know what this area is called? Suicide Bay! They've lost more people here from drowning than anywhere else in North America. It's the current, and the undertow. It's actually illegal to swim here." He laughed. "They could even arrest you for that, Paxton."

"Funny boy," said Paxton uncertainly. "I'll take a chance."

"All right," said Greg. "Let's go."

"Don't Greg," said Ellen, clinging to his arm. "He'll kill you."

"He'll kill himself too, darling," answered Greg. "I'd rather be shot than have my lungs swell up and burst with dirty river water."

"Is that right about the current?" asked Paxton after a pause.

"Believe it or not," said Greg, "the insurance rates for boats in this area are nearly double anywhere else."

SUDDENLY there was a second engine behind them, on the other side of the house. Paxton swore vividly.

"While we've been talking——"

"That was my plan," said Greg suddenly. "I told you I had one, didn't I? A weapon for every animal. Mine is the human voice." There was tension in his tone now: this was the curtain to the act, one way or the other; the next few moments might cost his own life, and perhaps Ellen's as well, or they would emerge and breathe the free air again, and the ordeal would be past. "The game's over, Paxton. I talked Curly into giving himself up, and I've talked you past the escape point. It's too late now."

"No, it's not, by God!"

"The place is surrounded."

"They haven't got me yet."

The thunderous voice again: "PAXTON! WE'VE GOT EIGHT MEN WITH GUNS. WE'VE GOT TEAR GAS. WE'VE GOT THREE BOATS AND PLENTY OF LIGHTS. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE MINUTE TO WALK OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR WITH YOUR HANDS UP."

"You see," said Greg, "they have a plan too."

Paxton seemed to reach his decision. "We're going to take off, like I said. You first. Maybe I won't plug you, if you behave yourself. It'll be a bit of insurance. If I'm caught——"

"Have it your own way," answered Greg, "but there's no 'if'." He stood up, unhurriedly, and walked forward. Paxton did not check him; the gun was now hanging loosely by his side. "*When* you're caught," Greg continued, "I could confirm that we weren't actually ill-treated. It might help a bit. But not too much, I hope. I'd hate to see a rat like you get less than twenty years."

"Why, you snotty little——"

Paxton's gun arm came up again, but Greg, standing in the shadows, was quicker. The heavy bronze ashtray in his hand flew through the air. It was aimed, not at Paxton, but at the gap in the curtains behind him.

It hit the big picture-window fair and square, and the whole glass shattered with a splintering crash. Involuntarily Paxton jumped and turned, and as he did so, Greg rushed him, low down, right shoulder forward. Though his weight was light, he had the advantage of a running start, and he caught Paxton in the small of the back, toppling him into the jagged window.

Paxton must have fallen on just the wrong piece of glass, at just the wrong angle, for except for a jugular, bubbling gurgle he never made another sound.

WITHIN minutes the room was full of uniforms and people; gruesome photographs were being taken. But for Ellen and Greg it might have been an empty arena. They were both unutterably tired: all they had left was swamped in the enormous relief of tenderness.

"I'm so dirty and untidy," she said, holding him close. "And my hair. . . . I'm hardly fit to kiss you."

"Just," said Gregg, putting it to the test. Both sides seemed satisfied.

"For someone who hates violence," said Ellen presently, "you produced a really terrific flying tackle."

"Shades of high school," answered Greg. "That was one of the many things the coach said I would never be any good at." He sighed, not too unhappily. "Yes, that deplorable rough-house stuff quite spoiled my record. I must do penance somehow. . . . And then, all the terrible lies I had to tell!"

"Lies?"

"Oh yes! They were part of the pressure, the steady needling. . . . I had to slander the poor old Thousand Islands—the swimming round here is as safe as your own bath-tub. And I had to slander Curly, too. I don't believe he ever has been in prison."

"There's a first time for everything," said Ellen unkindly. "But about this habit of lying so convincingly——"

"I guess I've told enough to last a lifetime," said Greg mournfully.

"A married lifetime?"

"Well, that's a different proposition altogether," he said. "Let's find out, as soon as possible."

The police photographer, a frustrated romantic, called out: "Hold it!"

Presently he decided that he needn't have said anything.

THE END

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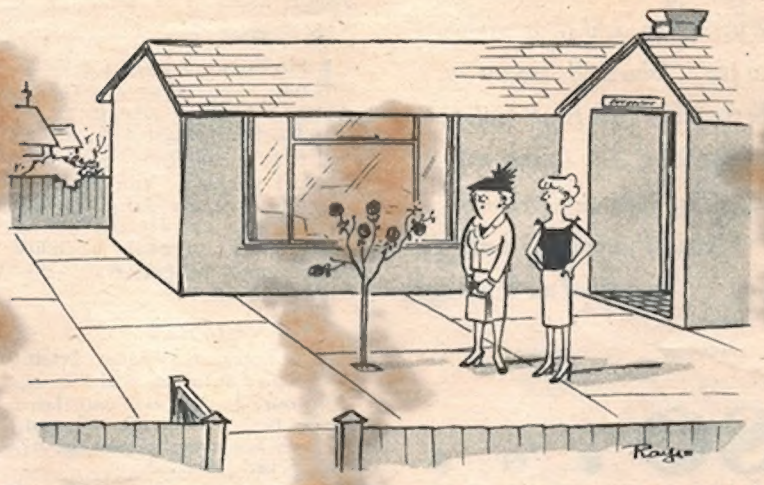
WEDDINGS—3

It does not much signify whom one marries, as one is sure to find next morning that it is someone else.

Samuel Rogers

DACHSIE



"Actually, we bought it because Henry fell in love with the garden"

Lady Beautiful Bountiful

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they go home tired after a day's work to do their wife's job as well. Don't you agree?"

I said I did, recalling some unlucky experiences of this kind, and asked if Lord Lewisham had yet had occasion to mend his ways.

Her smile became a shade anxious. Didn't I think we could *possibly* forget Gerald. . . . He got so *frightfully* upset at publicity. . . .

We forgot Gerald. "I believe you've also been expressing some views recently on false prudery in bringing up children. You said you allowed your children to see you in your bath."

The smile became more anxious still. She patted a cushion. She offered me a cigarette. No, no, she didn't want to say anything about that. It was another of those things that could so easily give the wrong *impression*.

"I've heard that you also eat honey in your bath."

"Oh, yes, I do, and so does Mummy," she said, the smile now safe again and flashing away. "We each keep a pot in our bathroom. Mummy is a terrific vitamin expert. We all try out her ideas—you know, vitamins A, B, C, D, E, and of course honey. Honey is good for practically everything. The thing about it is that, unlike sugar which has to be digested, it is absorbed into the bloodstream right away. You get an instantaneous reaction. It really is rather marvellous."

"Is it any particular kind of honey?"

"All kinds. For Christmas I gave Mummy a little box from Fortnum and Mason's with six different kinds in tiny pots—honey from Greece, rose honey, lime, wild briar, all sorts. It's wonderful stuff. You can even put it on your face."

"Do you put it on your face?"

"Yes, certainly. You can buy this wonderful cream made from bees' milk—*Gelée Royale*. It's what the worker bees feed to the queen bee, who in consequence lives for nine years."

"How much honey do you get through?"

"It's quite difficult to know. Sometimes I eat a lot, perhaps a pot a week."

"And all the other vitamins, too? Are you a bit of a hypochondriac?"

"Oh, no, I'm not. It's just that I do a lot of things and need a lot of energy."

"How many other things do you do?"

"Well, I'm on Westminster City Council, and serve on four committees there. And the L.C.C., of course, for West Lewisham—I'm on the L.C.C. Town Planning Committee. Then I'm on the Citizens' Advice Bureau Committee for Central London, and—oh, a lot of other committees and organizations. Also, of course, there's the advertising agency, and my own fund for providing buses to take infirm and lonely old people on outings. We've presented three buses so far, to Coventry, Hendon and Eastbourne, and another is promised to Barnes. The buses are all called Polly after my grandmother, whom I adore."

"How do you see yourself?"

"How do I see *myself*? I don't think I see myself in any special way. I see myself as I am."

"A gay person?"

"Oh yes, definitely."

"As a fighter, perhaps, accepting challenges?"

"Sometimes. I don't examine myself a lot. I live very much in the present. I don't brood about the past or worry over the future. It's what's to be done today that counts with me."

"What do you fear most?"

"I don't dwell on fear. I've got no overriding fears."

"What worries you when you are depressed, then—a loss of confidence?"

"Perhaps. But I only feel depressed when I'm over-tired. It's simply that I need a lot of sleep."

"Is this your personal philosophy of life—that so long as you're not overtired you can cope with most troubles and problems that come along?"

"Yes." She thought about it, smiling absently. "But apart from that the most vital thing is to have a very happy and secure home life. That can make us all self-confident and optimistic. It's very important to be optimistic. I think I'd put optimism as the most important quality."

"And by and large you're an optimistic person?"

"Yes, I am. I'm very optimistic. I despise and condemn negative people—you know, those people who try to sap your resolution, who say, 'Oh, it can't be done and you're a silly little thing who doesn't understand.' I hate people like that. I call them no-people because they're always shaking their heads and saying no."

She had begun to look at her watch. The viscount, with his well-known lack of enthusiasm for publicity, would shortly be home from the bank.

As I left, with a last look at the gilt coronets, the bay trees and the gilt-tipped railings, my face was still set in an answering genial smile; such is the effect of tea with the ever-smiling Lady Lewisham. A few passers-by returned the smile somewhat uncertainly. One elderly dowager, however, shook her head at me most severely as she was assisted into her waiting Bentley. Chester Street, too, has its no-people.

THE END

WEDDINGS—4

If they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed.

R. L. Stevenson

'What about a smart suede, this time?

. . . try them on and you'll get the complete idea of the cut and comfort. All our RUSHMERE range is like this from Lorne to Brogue styles. This one's a flexible lightweight in a smooth, smart suede, and you can have it in Light Tan, Mushroom, or Black.'

From **49/9** *to* **54/9**
according to style.

R 2793

C·W·S **Rushmere**

A WHEATSHEAF QUALITY SHOE

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

rub your hands with enjoyment . . .

Take a slice of Player's Medium Navy Cut; rub it in your hands. Smell the richness. Fill your pipe. *Then* you'll discover that *fresh-rubbed* Player's Medium, made from matured tobacco, has an *extra* flavour. Ask for Player's Medium in the vacuum-sealed tin to be sure of ever fresh enjoyment.

PLAYER'S ***MEDIUM*** *Navy Cut*

1 ounce airtight tin 4/11½

[NCT 1066]

7½%

Transfer your go-slow cash

to this safe, shrewd, go-ahead investment ...

7½% on Bank Deposit Accounts !

7% *without tax deduction,* on Fixed-Term Bank Deposits !

Industrial Banking gives you excellent security, highest interest rates, easy withdrawal facilities . . . .

Post this Coupon to-day . . .

To: Director of Deposits,
FEDERAL CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENTS LIMITED,
180, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me, without obligation, full details of your Industrial Banking investment services including a free copy of Brochure D.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B, your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/9, 4/-, 6/6 and 10/6.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

A CORNISH council intends to confiscate television sets of tenants in arrears with their rents. Can you advise me of a council's legal powers?—E. P., Lostwithiel.

● If the council obtained a court judgment for the arrears of rent they could levy distress on any of the tenants' goods (except clothing, bedding, etc.) and a television set would not be exempt, if it actually belonged to the tenant and was not on hire purchase.

PICTURE PRICE

A PHOTOGRAPHER came to my door asking to take a picture of my son. A few days later I was shown a proof and told that only one type was done—a coloured photograph costing £3 3s. As I was hard up I wanted to see my husband first and paid a deposit of 2s. 6d., the representative saying he would take the picture back if necessary. We cannot afford the sum—can they make us pay for the finished picture when it is ready?—Mrs. R. T., London, S.W.8.

● As you agreed to buy the photograph and paid a deposit you can be compelled to keep your agreement and pay the balance when you receive it.

The only way you could escape the agreement would be if you had evidence that you agreed to buy the photograph on your husband approving the price.

TRICKLE TROUBLE

WHENEVER we burn coal in our living-room fireplace a trickle of smoke comes into the room. There is a good draught and a convection cowl was fitted to the chimney with no success. Is there a solution to our problem?—N. T. G., Dumbarton.

● The "trickle" seems to indicate that there is a crack somewhere through which the smoke finds a way out into the room.

Take out the fire and refix it, carefully bedding it in fire cement, and pointing up.

You could also try fixing a Cem flue restrictor at the same time. This is made by Clifton Aircraft, Lytham, Lancashire.

NOT SUITED

I TOOK a suit length to a shop in our town to be tailored in December last year. The suit—for my son—is too small. What can I do?—I. B., Keighley, Yorkshire.

● If the suit does not reasonably fit your son and cannot be made to fit, you have no obligation to pay for the work done.

You would be entitled to claim against the tailor for the value of the cloth he has spoilt. If you cannot obtain satisfaction get a solicitor to make your claim.

END OF A FINISH

COULD you tell me if there is any way of removing the fumed oak finish from a bedroom suite? I want to repolish it. What is best to use for refilling the grain of the wood before I start polishing?—W. L. W., Leyton, London, E.10.

● Unless you are an expert in woodworking you would be best not to remove the existing polish without professional supervision.

Use Polyfilla to fill the grain of unpolished wood. Then smooth with sandpaper, stain, seal with a cellulose sealer, sandpaper again and then polish.

GLASS GASH

MY daughter was injured at her place of work by a plate glass window which shattered. I have proof that the window was damaged. Although she did not lose any earnings, she suffered shock and has a scar. What would be a reasonable sum if the insurance company involved makes an offer?—G. S., Bath, Somerset.

● It is impossible to assess the amount of damages your daughter should claim for her injury and disfigurement.

It is usually advisable to engage a solicitor to negotiate a settlement in such cases.

DYE TO FIT

I HAVE a very light grey fitted carpet which shows every spot and mark. Could I dye it myself?—Mrs. J. B., Norwich.

● It is not advisable to try to dye the carpet yourself. You probably do not have a container large enough to hold the whole carpet and to achieve a uniform colour would be difficult.

It would be better to have it done professionally.

VIEW AND HUE

MY neighbour has fitted a window into his wall. It now opens on our garden and our lawn is not now private. Is this allowed, or can we do anything to prevent it?—J. V., Tetsworth, Oxford.

● You cannot prevent your neighbour from having a window in his wall, but if any part of it opens over your garden, this would constitute a trespass and he could be compelled to keep it closed. In any case, you could erect a screen on your own land to prevent being overlooked. You can do this as near his window as possible without touching it or the wall.

CRACKS UP TOP

HOW can one overcome the cracks which eventually appear in ceilings where board sections are used? Is there a better method than the usual plaster-board?—D. R. M., Combe Park.

● Cut out the cracks that have appeared in your plaster, and re-plaster. Lath and plaster is the better method of doing ceilings.

SLIPPERY PAVING

CAN anything be done to paving stones to make them less slippery in wet weather? They are made of concrete and are very dangerous when wet.—H. A. H., Walton-on-Thames.

● Paving stones are usually slippery because they are worn. The two ways of overcoming this difficulty are either to chip lightly the surfaces to make them rough again, or to turn the slabs upside down and use the bottom face.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **Portable ringer timer:** You can carry this timer round the house with you. When you are upstairs making beds it will ring to remind you that the sponge in the oven is ready to be taken out. In a colour choice of white/black, white/blue, white/red or yellow/black, finished in plastic, this one-hour ringer costs 25s. From jewellers, departmental stores and electrical dealers everywhere. Made by Smiths, Smiths Clocks & Watches, Ltd., Sectric House, Waterloo Road, London, N.W.2.

● **New dishes from old:** Turn that cup with the broken handle into an attractive ash-tray or posy dish. Remove handle completely and mould some firebrick cement or any other quick-drying cement, round the outside of the cup, making it an attractive shape. Press sea shells, pieces of coloured glass or pebbles into the soft cement to make a pleasing pattern. Cover over with clear varnish. (Mr. W. G. Brooks, Kidderminster.)

● **Rotary clothes line:** A de-luxe all-metal version of the "Whirline" rotary clothes line is now on the market. Designed to withstand sun, rain and frost, this clothes line is fixed into a socket set in cement in the garden. It is equivalent to ninety feet of plastic clothes line. From stores everywhere, £7 15s.

● **Pot scourer:** Prevent your steel wool rusting by storing it in a jar of soapy water after using. This way it will last for months. (Mrs. F. Chancellor, Smethwick.)

● **New saucepans:** Similar in appearance to ordinary stainless steel but made from a new high chrome content alloy, the new range of Judge saucepans may be brought to boiling point more quickly than the other. This is because their thermal conductivity is 60 per cent higher than ordinary stainless steel. Complete with plastic handles and knobs the prices are as follows: 2-pint size 42s.; 3½-pint size 49s.; 5-pint size 56s. From hardware and departmental stores everywhere.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip, send it in to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

Follow Them to the ALPS—

WIN YOUR TICKETS in this week's GIANT

£1,250

"BULLETS" OFFER!

The Smiths of 211 Westwick Road, Sheffield—snapped with a shaggy friend beside a Swiss glacier!

"OUR first flight . . . our *first* trip abroad . . . thanks to Bullets we had a wonderful holiday in Switzerland, packed with happy memories!"

Soon *you* may be echoing those words of Mr. and Mrs. K. Smith (see photograph)—recalling your *own* glorious Poly holiday, won with a big Bullets cheque.

First, make sure of your Fun With Words in time to post that coupon below by Monday, April 6. That's the way to bank £700 cash and then have the fun of choosing Lucerne, Interlaken or Lugano for your £100 Poly holiday this summer.

Booked your holiday already? Then choose £750 lump sum as your prize and bask in the sunshine of *that!*

OTHER PRIZES value over **£450**

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, 10 of £3, 100 £1 Presentation Parcels, 1,500 Runners-up Awards

£50 in EXTRAS see full details on coupon below

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Cure For Our Ills	Enthusiasm
The Royal Team	Human Cannon-ball
Sunny Cyprus	Standing Still
At The Final	Cossetting The Customer
That Wedding-ring	A Fine Specimen
If Parliament's On TV	Round His Neck
Cooing Like A Dove	Lad In The Army
In Nature's Store	One Mad Whirl
The Parson's Job	When The Robots Take Over
She's Trying To Save, So	What Is The Truth?

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

What We're ..... For	Nowhere Near.....
To Look At.....	Dad's Idea Of.....
At.....'s Door	I Know It's....., But

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER BULLET

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX. .....

B .....

EX .....

B .....

EX. ..... 5th BULLET FREE

B. ..... WITH 4 PAID

EXTRAS value £50 £50 in Bullets Season Tickets will be shared amongst those of the 20 chief winners whose successful efforts were one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,186 Post not later than last collection on **MON., APR. 6**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

BULLETS HELP STICK 3d. STAMP here for four pages of practical help to success in April 18 *Bulletin*! (For four issues send P.O. 1s.)

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,181 Result:

£850 "Car-plus-Cash" Award: Mrs. E. E. Russell, 3 Charnwood Avenue, Merton Park, London, S.W.19.

The Blues—Float Off, Coat Off!

£50 A. J. Rice, 148 Nutbeem Road, Eastleigh: **Broke Down The Barriers—Common-sense Pushing, "*Both* Sides."**

£25 C. F. Barber, "Greentrees," Chertsey Bridge Road, Chertsey: **A New Britain—*Before* Election—Nothing New!**

£10 W. J. Veness, 223 Priory Road, Hastings: **Plenty Of Everything—*Bored* With—*Born* With!**

£9 Miss M. J. Mason, 6 Grovely Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth: **Not Built In A Day—Ghana—See "Daylight," Nyasaland!**

£8 J. K. Hindley, 15 Trevor Road, Swinton, Lancs: **Called A Television—But Mighty Like *Sandwich-board*!**

£7 Mrs. M. Jenkins, 31 Heol Penlan, Longford, Neath, Glam: **Hold-up On The Line—Follows "Robbery" At Booking-office!**

£6 A. Stevenson, 93 Williams Road, Burnley: **Woman, The Slave — In Your *Holiday* "Caravan"?**

£5 A. Bentley, 4 Tintern House, Augustus Street, London, N.W.1: **Not Built In A Day—Like *Thousand* Cars—Road!**

£4 T. Heaton, 172 Preston New Road, Churchtown, Southport: **Fools — Voter — "*You're* No Fool!"**

For ten winners of £3 see *Bullets Bulletin*. 2,300 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 2), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 18, for early news of No. 2,186 result.)

POST ENTRY Bullets 2,186, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

NEXT WEEK £1,500 "OWN-YOUR-HOME" OFFER!

SEEK SUNSHINE THE Health Master WAY

Too few of us get all the sunshine we need for a really healthy life. In the comfort of your home, winter or summer, you can help yourself to health-giving radiation from a HEALTH MASTER Prescription Lamp.
Each year thousands of HEALTH MASTER Lamps are prescribed by Doctors f[illegible] both home and hospital use, t[illegible]id convalescence and build up d[illegible]ciency conditions.

This is the HEALTH MASTER 365, a dual purpose lamp giving the choice of ultra-violet or infra-red individually selected at the touch of a switch. The high intensity mercury vapour burner of pure fused quartz is set between twin high power infra-red generators. This is a very fine quality combined lamp built to a high standard and represents exceptional value at the price of 13 guineas.

Health Master Infra-red lamps are from 59/6 each and the combined Infra-red/Ultra-violet models are from 13 gns. They are obtainable against a medical certificate from leading Chemists and Electrical Stores.

We invite you to send for our interesting brochure H.

HEALTH-MASTER

BARBER ELECTRICAL SERVICES LTD.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE

"FITTING PHRASES" COMPETITION

RESULT OF SECOND CONTEST WHICH APPEARED IN ISSUE DATED JANUARY 10

2 readers share £250

In the opinion of the adjudicators the most skilful and appropriate fitting of advertisements to phrases was that submitted by the following 2 readers:

MR. A. CHAPLIN
89 HARDWICKE ST.
BARKING, ESSEX

MRS. B. H. SEALE
20 WOODLANDS ROAD
TONBRIDGE, KENT

The cash prize of £250 has accordingly been divided between them for their entries as below:

Phrases	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
Adverts	15	12	4	8	16	7	2	13

OUT NOW

IDEAL HOME MAGAZINE

Specially Enlarged Number on

INTERIOR DECORATING

200 PAGES
OVER
220 ILLUSTRATIONS

Only IDEAL HOME Magazine, with its expert knowledge and resources, could produce such a comprehensive guide to every aspect of interior decorating! This greatly enlarged April issue tells you everything you want to know—from planning a scheme right through to the last brush stroke.

Ideal Home
MAGAZINE 2/3

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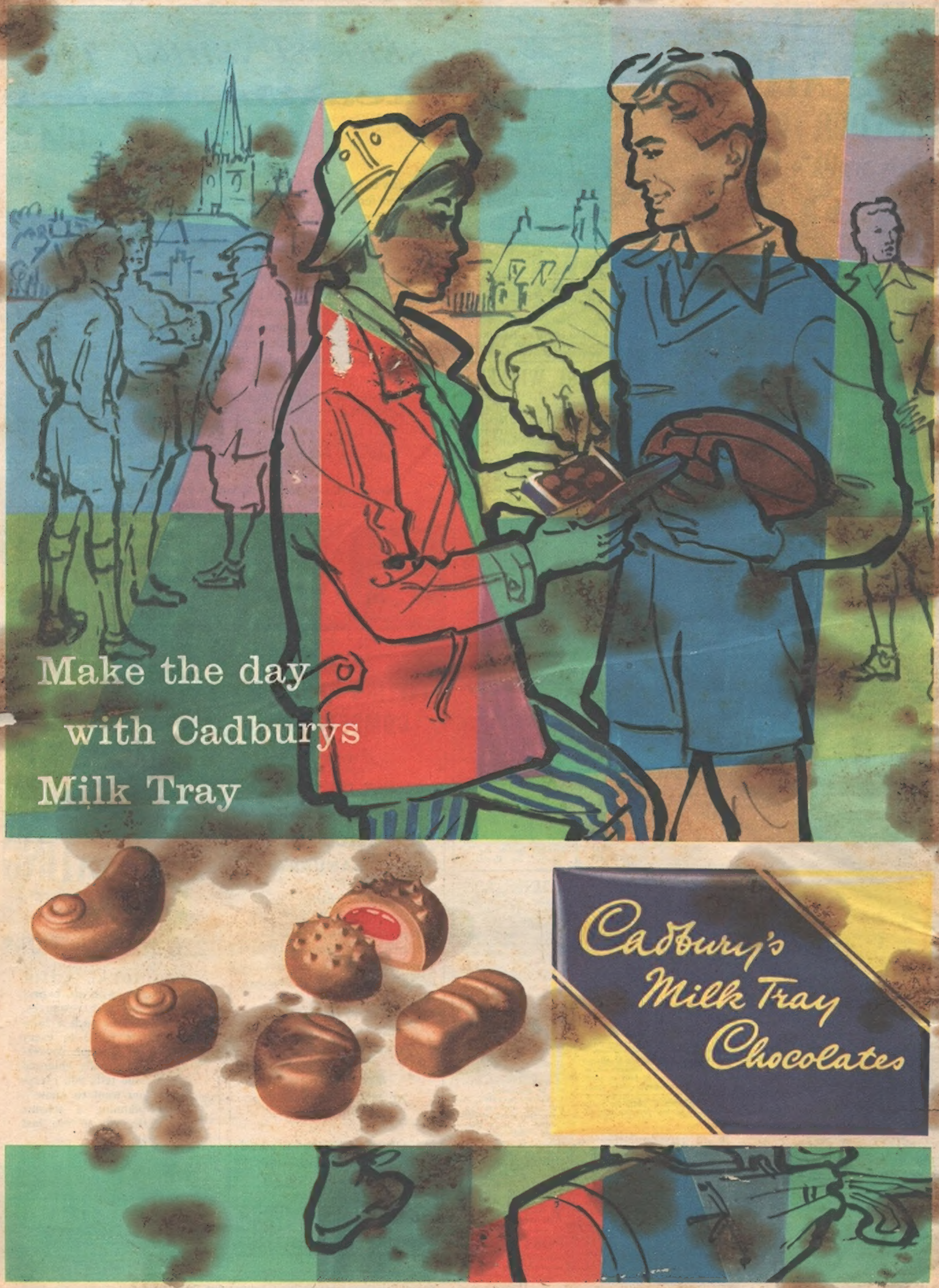
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